This month's full ballet guide

Dance and Dancers

SEPTEMBER 1956

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Personality of the month

André Levasseur

Photo: Oggero

"I THINK that the ballet designer should be able to follow the music, and to be guided by it as much as is a choreographer. Music is the path that unites choreography and design." Few designers have expressed such wise opinions and it may well be this attitude that is the secret of André Levasseur's success in France and England during the past few months.

Born in Paris on August 18, twenty-nine years ago, Levasseur was interested in design from an early age. He learnt the more practical side of his art at the École de la Haute Couture Parisienne. For several years he was a designer at the house of the most respected couturier of our time—Christian Dior. While still working for that establishment he created some beautiful and spectacular costumes for Taras's *Piège de Lumière*, his first work for the theatre and a formidable start. Other creations for the Marquis de Cuevas include costumes for the production of Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette* given in the courtyard of the Louvre, *Pas de Trois*; for the Paris Opéra, the costumes for Lifar's *Les Noces Fantastiques*; for Sadler's Wells Ballet, costumes for *La Péri* and *Birthday Offering*; and for Festival Ballet, *Homage to a Princess*. These in addition to *Comme les Dieux* for the Théâtre de l'Oeuvre in Paris, *Fanfare pour le Prince* for the Rainier wedding, and for five seasons he designed a large number of costumes for the cabaret in Monte Carlo. All of this adds up to five pretty busy years.

Levasseur is in such great demand because companies like working with him and because he fully understands the needs of the choreographer, the special demands of the occasion and the particular requirements of the dancer. As he says, "It is very important, in my opinion, that the dancer should love his costume and be comfortable in it." Having realised all these practical needs he can then apply his own particular brand of designer's magic. His magic is made up of an impeccable sense of the right materials, of colour which is invariably theatrically sensational without being vulgarly spectacular, of an apt use of applied design. Above all, he has an innate feeling for the line of the dancer and of the dance. He combines a painter's eye with a couturier's experience—an all-too-rare combination.

Although two of the works he designed will be seen in London in September—*Birthday Offering* and *Homage to a Princess*—we shall not, alas, see his scheduled *Coppélia* for Festival Ballet, as his commitments at Monte Carlo made it impossible at the last moment for him to come to England in time for this.

September 1956 7th YEAR OF PUBLICATION Vol. 7 No. 9

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS
Assistant Editor: CLIVE A. BARNES

WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

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So near, yet so far

IN the good old boom days of British ballet just after the war it was almost unthinkable that any major company should visit Western Europe without having a season in London.

Today the picture is rather different and we have the spectacle of two of the world's major ballet companies—the Ballet of the Stanislavsky Theatre in Moscow and New York City Ballet—appearing in Paris without much thought being given to a journey of a few extra miles across the Channel to England.

It is true, of course, that we are having a welcome return visit from the American Ballet Theatre at Covent Garden, and that in a few weeks time the streets around this famous theatre will be even more cluttered than usual with people trying to obtain seats for the season of the Bolshoi company from Moscow. For these not inconsiderable mercies we are deeply grately. Perhaps we are rather greedy, but we should have liked to have seen the other companies as well.

From what I saw of the Stanislavsky company in Paris, I am certain that the company would have been appreciated with far greater understanding in London. With regard to New York City Ballet, this magazine receives more letters requesting the return of this company than for any other that has visited us in the past six years. The success of any season they chose to give here would seem almost assured.

There may be two reasons for the cold-shouldering—lack of go-ahead impresarios or lack of suitable theatres. With regard to the former, nobody could accuse Peter Daubeny of any lack of enterprise. He has, at a good deal of risk to himself, brought more dancers to this country than anyone else in the whole history of ballet in England. The direction of Covent Garden, also has played its part, though its powers are somewhat curtailed by home commitments. But others who have it in their power to bring ballet companies to England have been pretty lily-livered about it all.

The problem of theatres suitable for ballet is more difficult. The finest—Drury Lane, the Stoll and the Coliseum—now seem, like Grosvenor Square, to be American colonies given over to lighter American entertainment. This leaves little else except for the Festival Hall which, as well as giving haven to our own Festival Ballet, plans to present other seasons of dance—the Ram Gopal and Jose Greco companies.

The result of this new experiment will be watched with interest because, if successful, it may, with a great deal of development to the existing stage, lead to a valuable new home for visiting ballet companies. If this can be brought about we shall then know that it is *us* the visitors do not like, and not the possibility that we may be unable to accommodate them.

DANCE AND DANCERS is published by HANSOM BOOKS monthly on the 20th of the preceding month and obtainable from all newsagents, bookstalls and music shops by giving a firm order or by postal subscription. Post free terms: One year 27/- Half-year 13/6. 2 years 50/-. 3 years 81/-. A loose leaf binder (value 12/6) to hold 24 copies is presented free with every three-year subscription. State first issue required. (Foreign: pay in sterling or by international Money Order or through agents listed in this number.) Single copies 2/3 post free. Subscribers' copies are posted to arrive in Great Britain on the day of publication: they are posted in plain, strong envelopes, flat and with strengthening card to prevent bending. Copies lost or accidentally damaged in the post are gladly replaced free. Binders for purchase are 12/6 by post. *Back numbers from October 1951 available (except Dec. 1951, Mar. 1952 and April 1953), price 2/3 each by post.* 21 LOWER BELGRAVE STREET, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1. *Telephone* SLOane 0394-5-6. Display advert. rates on reques . classified on that page. HANSOM BOOKS also publish every month MUSIC AND MUSICIANS, PLAYS AND PLAYERS, FILMS AND FILMING and BOOKS AND BOOKMEN.

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Portrait by Angus McBean

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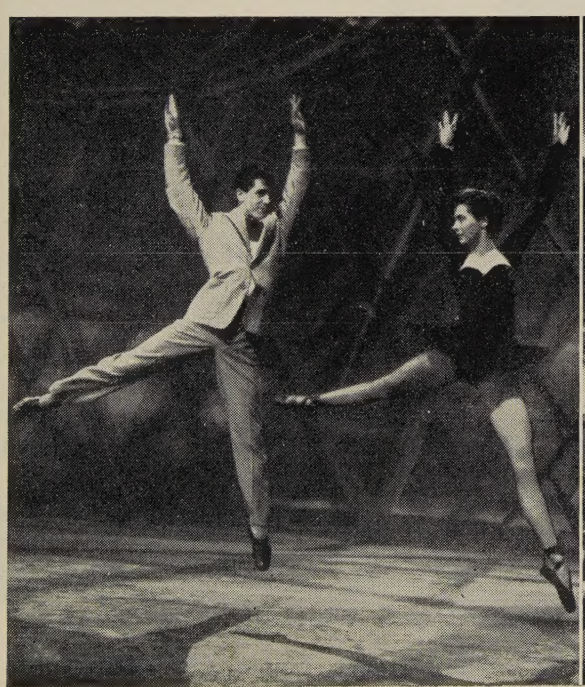
Dancing stars of

Invitation to the Dance

IN the Winter of 1952, several world-famous stars of the dance were gathered together in the British MGM studios to make the first all-dancing film—*Invitation to the Dance*. The idea was Gene Kelly's and he was responsible for the direction and the choreography as well as starring in the film himself. The film then consisted of two full-length ballets—*Circus* and *Ring Around the Rosy*, as well as a number of short sequences based on popular songs. Another section, *The Magic Lamp*, a mixture of dance and cartoon was to be finished later.

Owing to various reasons, the film was kept in cold storage for several years. In the spring of this year, the film was at last shown in New York. Now, nearly four years after it was first begun in England, the British public will be able to see this dance film at the Ritz Cinema in Leicester Square for a season starting on September 6. These Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stills from the film show some of the stars.

HAT CHECK GIRL AND CROONER: Diana Adams and Irving Davies as two other people who become involved with the bracelet in Ring Around the Rosy.



FEMME FATALE: Belita in a night club sequence.

BROADWAY SHARPIO: Tommy Rall's role in another episode in Ring Around the Rosy.

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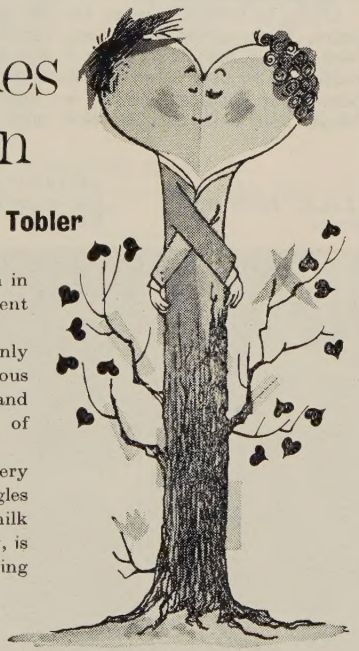

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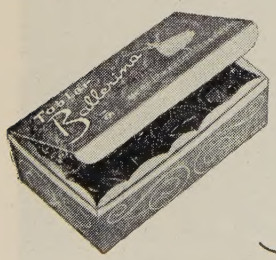

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Welcome to Ballet Theatre

by ANTON DOLIN
who was one of the foundation members of Ballet Theatre and whose present company, Festival Ballet, will have a season running concurrently with the visit of the Americans to Covent Garden.

THIS month London ballet-goers welcome again the American Ballet Theatre on their third visit to London.

By this time it is common knowledge that since its early beginnings in 1939 the company has owed its existence to the purposeful and financial support of Lucia Chase. An excellent dancer in her own right and a brilliant artist in many roles, she has indeed founded and guided a company that, though American in structure, has opened its artistic fields to many foreign artists and choreographers.

How easy it would have been for Lucia Chase to have provided merely a background and setting for herself, if not today certainly a few years ago when her technical powers as a dancer were at their height. In the early days of Ballet Theatre this perhaps was the accusation against and the excuse made for her interest in, and her lavish expenditure on, the company that at that time unofficially bore her name.

It was not long before Lucia Chase, both as an artist and as the financier she still is, could face her critics with the truth and sincerity of the great work she was doing for the ballet in America.

This was no "closed-shop" of USA ballet; it was international in feeling and concept and her company was based on the true classical tradition of the dance—Americanised, perhaps, but by no means parochial and conservative.

No American company today has so varied a repertoire of ballets by as many different choreographers as has Ballet Theatre. With George Balanchine as the most important exception, practically all the present-day American choreographers had their first chance to show their wares to America through

DIRECTORS SIGN UP: Oliver Smith and Lucia Chase, directors of Ballet Theatre, sign a contract with Rudolph Bing, Director of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. As well as being a director of the company, Oliver Smith is also one of the foremost designers in America. During the current season at Covent Garden, Fall River Legend, Fancy Free, Interplay *and* Rodeo *have been designed by him.* *Photo: New York Herald-Tribune*

BLACK SWAN: *Rosella Hightower and Erik Bruhn, both dancing with Ballet Theatre for the first time in London, in the* pas de deux *from* Swan Lake, *Act III.* *Photo: Maurice Seymour*

BILLY THE KID: *John Kriza and Ruth Ann Koesun in Eugene Loring's ballet about the famous American outlaw. This was one of the earliest ballets to use a theme and music which sprang directly from an American background.*

NEW TO LONDON: Lupe Serrano who makes her London debut as a star during the present Ballet Theatre season.
Photo: Maurice Seymour

the artists and window display of Ballet Theatre.

Tudor's ballets—*Lilac Garden*, *Judgment of Paris* and *Gala Performance*, creations admittedly of his early days in London with Madame Rambert's company—brought him, and indirectly English ballet, through the medium of Lucia Chase and her company, great and justified renown. *Pillar of Fire*, a masterpiece of the early 'forties was an outstanding creation as a ballet and for the dramatic artistry of the company as a whole and of Nora Kaye, whose performance of Hagar brought her to the forefront of American dancers.

London welcomes back a unique artist of the ballet in Nora Kaye. Conscientious, hardworking and, above all, with a wonderful human warmth rare in ballerinas, her place in ballet history is secure.

Ballet Theatre has lost Alicia Alonso, who reached international fame through the company, but it has regained Rosella Hightower. Although she has spent many of her dancing years in Europe, it was with Ballet Theatre that she attained her first star dust.

John Kriza, whose name and that of Ballet Theatre are synonymous, is now the first male star of the company. He remains, as ever, loyal to the company that he loves, as well as to his many friends whose affection he has.

A new star, replacing Igor Youskevitch, is Erik Bruhn. I taught him the role of Albrecht in *Giselle* for his famous first performance with Alicia Markova, the most celebrated Giselle of our time, when he made his debut in this ballet last year in New York. He proved to be a most apt pupil and scored such a wonderful and merited success.

Two dancers who will be dancing leading roles in London for the first time are Lupe Serrano and Scott Douglas—both splendid products of the training and experience of Ballet Theatre. We also welcome back Harold Lang, that star of musical comedy in his two creations—as one of the sailors in *Fancy Free* and in *Interplay*.

It will be good to see again such robust and healthy works as Robbins' *Fancy Free* and *Interplay*, Loring's *Billy The Kid* and Agnes de Mille's *Rodeo*. All are today almost classics of the modern ballet.

DIRECTOR'S ROLE: Lucia Chase as the unpleasant Stepmother of Lizzie Borden in Fall River Legend. *Photo: Maurice Seymour*

Tudor's *Offenbach in the Underworld* I have not seen but Valerie Bettis' choreographic version of Tennessee Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire* I have. If Nora Kaye and John Kriza are dancing the two leading roles then the impact of such a work will be strong and you will admire or hate it—there are no half measures here.

Lucia Chase and the American Ballet Theatre can be sure of their welcome, and stimulus and excitement will be added to the ballet season.

NEW TO OLD BALANCHINE BALLET: Rosella Hightower and Erik Bruhn in Balanchine's Theme and Variations *in the roles previously danced by Alonso and Youskevitch.*

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS BALLET: Nora Kaye as Blanche Dubois in Valerie Bettis' version of A Streetcar Named Desire, *to be given for the first time in London.*
Photos: Maurice Seymour

Kaye—Actress-Ballerina

by ARTHUR TODD

"I ADORE London and I will always remember that it was the first city where our company had a great success outside America." So said Nora Kaye referring to Ballet Theatre's first season in London in 1946. Now, a decade later, Nora Kaye returns to London, this time to appear there for the first time in Antony Tudor's frothy *Offenbach in the Underworld* and Valerie Bettis' *A Streetcar Named Desire*, as well as the one-act *Swan Lake*. Covent Garden audiences will have the interesting opportunity of re-assessing America's most versatile ballerina.

The American dance world is more category-conscious than most. For this reason, when Nora Kaye became an over-night star back in 1942 for her portrayal as Hagar in Antony Tudor's *Pillar of Fire*, she was immediately labelled as "America's great dramatic ballerina." Not long after this New York critics began calling her the "Bernhardt of the Ballet" and the "Duse of the Dance." This was quite justified, of course, yet, in a way, it has been manifestly unfair because it has served to type-cast her in the eyes of even her most ardent supporters. Fortunately, all of this has been now swept aside because of Nora Kaye's equally brilliant triumphs in the classical field last season during Ballet Theatre's New York engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House, when she reached new heights in *Giselle*, in the one-act *Swan Lake*, and in the *Black Swan pas de deux*. Kaye has actually gone from strength to strength and at the moment she seems to be at the peak of her powers in both classical and dramatic ballets.

Typical modern woman

Nora Kaye is the best-known and most widely respected native-born American ballerina in the United States. Martha Graham has said of her: "She dances in a 20th-century way unknown at any other time before in American ballet. Moreover, she is a 20th-century woman in the realisation of her roles. Throughout her career, it has always been possible for Nora Kaye to let choreographers help her. And she has been big enough to take what they have to give."

Few, if any, other American-born ballerinas have had the advantage of working with so many major choreographers as Fokine, Antony Tudor, Agnes de Mille, Jerome Robbins and George Balanchine. And Nora Kaye is the first to acknowledge the debt she owes them. Remembering the days when *Pillar of Fire* was being created, she explained, "Antony Tudor got me to look at technique in a different way." Tudor, in turn, recalls, "Even then she would turn a role inside out and get her teeth in it. She made herself pure clay and had complete malleability. That is why she has never lost the essence of Hagar."

Dramatic truth

Jerome Robbins says, "Working with Nora Kaye is similar to working with a marvellous collaborative instrument. One has a superb dramatic barometer to guide by, because she is instinctively disturbed by anything which does not ring dramatically true. She has the ability to grasp the life meaning of the role from pre-curtain to post-curtain and dramatically develop and enhance every moment on stage. In working with her, her objections as actress must always be taken into consideration to examine if false moves are made. Technically and choreographically, however, she will quite often balk short of what she is able to do. Although she is a daring technician she sometime rebels at having either technique or choreography forced on her and must be led into accepting both. Her method of working for a choreographer is extremely sensitive in that it's never progressive, suggestive, pushy. She puts herself in the choreographer's hands and mind and attempts to project his ideas. Her ability to do this is so amazing that she becomes a true extension of the choreographer's aims and, as with all good communication with the mainspring of creativity, helps lead him on."

Though these reasons explain Nora Kaye's triumphs in her contemporay dramatic roles, they do not fully account for her success in the purely classical roles. Though, as she says, "I went to Fokine when I was too young, and he was forcing his theories on children. I did not have a neat basis of technique, but I was tremendously influenced by him." Other important insights were gained during her three-year stay with the New York City Ballet. At the time she joined this company even Nora Kaye's most ardent admirers predicted that she would be out of place there. Yet, she says, that, "During this time I was learning a great deal. What I learned was a kind of meticulousness of technique. I am very happy for the time I spent with the New York City Ballet, and it did me a great deal of good."

"FORTY WHACKS": Nora Kaye as Lizzie Borden in Agnes De Mille's dramatic Fall River Legend. *Photo: Lido*

More recently, when Nora Kaye went to Japan with Antony Tudor, she appeared in the full version of *Swan Lake*, and it is due to this, she feels, that her characterisations in the one-act version and in the *Black Swan pas de deux* have become so much clearer. "Now," she says, "I would love to do a full-length *Swan Lake*, and we have so many Russians in America who could do a wonderful job of staging it."

Though Nora Kaye is the first American ballerina to make an important new contribution to ballet history, it was England's Antony Tudor who first realised her possibilities. And we in America will always remember that his *Pillar of Fire* made international dance history for him and for Nora Kaye.

THIS MADE HISTORY (left): Kaye and Tudor in Pillar of Fire *which brought international fame to them both.*

Photo: Baron

CLASSICAL ROLE (right): Kaye as Odette in Swan Lake. *In classical roles she has recently showed that her dancing has developed to parallel her dramatic mastery.*

SOVIET STYLE: Sophie Vinogradova and Youri Kondratov in the second-act pas de deux *from* Swan Lake. *The picture shows the bent knee in* arabesque *which is typical of the present classical school in Russia.* *Photo: Lido*

In the West at last

After years of planning and broken-off negotiations, a full-sized Soviet ballet company has for the first time appeared in Western Europe. The company from the Stanislavsky and Nemirovitch-Danchenko Theatre in Moscow gave a season at the Châtelet Theatre in Paris during the month of June. PETER WILLIAMS and CLIVE BARNES went to Paris specially to report on a season which gave some idea of what we are to expect when the much larger Bolshoi Ballet from Moscow comes to Covent Garden in the autumn.

Original Swan Lake

IT seems that most of us have been waiting the best part of our lives to see any major company from Soviet Russia. We have seen folk-dance ensembles and a number of little groups containing two or three classical dancers at the most. Two years ago it seemed as though we might, at long last, see the Bolshoi Ballet from Moscow in Western Europe. But even after the company had arrived at the Paris Opéra, any public performance was denied us for political reasons. After the trumpet blowing which greets most appearances of any Soviet company outside Russia, the ballet company of the Stanislavsky and Nemirovitch-Dantchenko Theatre from Moscow slipped into Paris comparatively quietly. Many people did not know they had arrived until the opinions of the French critics appeared in the British Press.

Such criticism as was reprinted did not seem too reassuring, and it was not in any particularly jubilant frame of mind that I went to see the production of *Swan Lake* at the Châtelet Theatre. And this in spite of a most intriguing article we printed in DANCE AND DANCERS a few years ago in which Mikail Dolgopolov wrote about this new *Swan Lake*, making it sound fascinating, or in spite of the enthusiastic description by Dame Ninette de Valois, who saw this production on her recent visit to Russia. The main French criticism was directed against the costumes and decor, always a feature of paramount importance to the French public. One gets the impression in Paris that if these are unsatisfactory then there is nothing else to look at. Mercifully other critics who trickled into Paris during the Russian company's season of a month could see the true worth of the production which lay beneath the admittedly mainly unfortunate designing. To me it was ironical that here in this theatre, the Châtelet, where Diaghilev brought his first company from Russia in 1909, was 47 years later just the kind of company and presentation that he endeavoured to escape from.

It seemed that the Paris Press did not fully realise that what they were seeing was of great historical importance, because not only were they hearing a great deal of Tchaikovsky's score that it was unlikely that they could have heard before, but they were also seeing the nearest reproduction we are ever likely to see of the original Moscow production in 1875. As most people possibly know, this production was a flop and it was not until 18 years later that Lev Ivanov and Marius Petipa made a completely revised version for the Maryinsky Theatre in St. Petersburg, somewhat on the lines of the full-length productions given in Western Europe today.

To me the story of *Swan Lake* has always been rather obscure and not without a lot of eye-straining in the dark can those unacquainted with the ballet have the remotest idea of what it is all about. In this Stanislavsky Theatre production, most intelligently and lovingly produced by Vladimir Bourmeister, the *raison d'être* of the whole thing is made clear in the first few minutes.

The story becomes clear

In a prologue, using the same music which Sadler's Wells uses for the Overture, Princess Odette is seen picking flowers beside the lake. On a high rock she sees some more flowers and climbs up to pick them also. As her hand touches the flowers, the rock opens out into the vast wings of von Rothbart. They close over her and she vanishes; while across the lake a regal swan is seen sailing away. It is all as

FIRST-ACT CHANGE: Peasants and nobility mingle in Act I. The usual pas de trois *in our productions has become a* pas de quatre, *given by Redina, Iakounina, Troufanov and Elenine (in foreground on the left). The Prince greets them from the back of the stage.* *Photo: Lido*

NEW LIFT: The end of the Black Swan pas de deux *in Act III which has choreography and Tchaikovsky music quite different from that in the usual versions seen today. The Prince and Odile are seen surrounded by the admiring court.* *Photo: Lido*

simple as that, tremendously effective and with no need for programme consulting.

The gist of the first act, which follows immediately, is the same as in our first act. The character of Prince Siegfried has undergone rather a change: he is here a more down-to-earth person and less of a prince filled with romantic melancholy. There is also the addition of a jester in place of the sad and rather tipsy old tutor. The actual dances bear no resemblance to those we are accustomed to, though the music is little altered except for the interpolation of music we associate with the "Black Swan" *pas de deux* from Act 3. This was danced by the Prince and a presumably aristocratic guest at the party. It was a beautifully lyrical *pas de deux* given, on the occasion when I saw it, by Youri Kondratov and N. Vikhreva.

The *Valse* which we use for a *pas de six* in the first act has been enlarged to an ensemble for 18 dancers which, although uninteresting choreographically, makes a more general dance for the soloists and *corps* which fits in better with the action. The usual *pas de trois* has now become a *pas de quatre*, far less classical than ours, and the Prince has a solo at the beginning of the "Black Swan" *pas de deux*.

A notable addition to this act is the introduction of the "Swan music," used by us as an introduction to act two. The Prince's entourage leaves and he remains alone on a darkened stage. Across the lake glides a group of swans watched by the Prince; the curtain falls slowly. The narrative is, therefore, carried naturally to the next act.

The magic of Von Rothbart

The second act opens with the Prince alone on the stage watching the swans glide away. Incidentally the machinery of these swans is masterly; it is even possible to see the water ripple in their wake. The remainder of this act is virtually the same as the versions we know in Western Europe.

The third act opens with a rather strange piece of court etiquette: each of the prospective brides arrives veiled and with an attendant chaperone—or mother! There are four of these and when the chaperone has removed the veil from her charge, each hopeful debutante dances a short variation which was a great improvement on the insipid *ballabile* which graces our productions. This scene was preceded by an inevitable Jester's dance.

Von Rothbart enters the ballroom alone, wearing an immense black cloak, and following him in procession is his court, consisting of the Spanish, Neapolitan, Hungarian and Polish dancers for the divertissement. He waves his cloak and Odile materialises, the Prince rushes forward believing her to be Odette, but von Rothbart causes her to vanish and in her place is a rather grim lady in a long black dress, who immediately goes into the Spanish Dance accompanied by four of the magician's male attendants. These attendants carry flimsy red cloaks, which they wave to make Odile materialise again at other moments in this act.

This manner of making Odile appear and vanish at different moments bewilders the Prince —it also bewilders us, the audience—therefore his mistake in believing that Odile is really Odette becomes completely understandable. In most productions it is hard to imagine how he could have been such a nitwit as to think that they were one and the same person.

The character dances follow, until finally Odile is materialised for long enough to enable the Prince to dance a *pas de deux* with her, plus variations for each of them. The music of this *pas de deux*, from the original Moscow score, has been heard little outside Russia; it is lush, possibly more vulgar, certainly more suitable than what we are used to and what is more, it appears to belong to the score as a whole rather than sounding like an interpolation. The choreography, presumably by Bourmeister, was far more exciting than much of contemporary Soviet choregraphy leads one to expect. The 32 *fouettés* come later than the actual *pas de deux* as a final expression of Odile's triumph. The betrayed Odette is seen through the transparent walls of the castle, which more or less bring the waters of the lake into this act, thus linking it with the final scene.

The storm and after

The fourth act is in many ways the best of the lot, and brings the whole ballet to a thrilling conclusion. There are many additions to the music from the original Moscow score, there is the inclusion of the nostalgic folk song which we use as an introduction to this act, and the storm music seems to be longer and far better orchestrated than what we know.

In this act there are two extremely dramatic passages. The first comes after the return of the heart-broken Prince. He is rejected by all the swans and Odette, and in despair he throws himself on the ground. Slowly the swans file out in funeral procession, Odette in their midst. Several times she looks back at the prostrate figure and it seems as though she will break away to comfort him, but the hurt of his deception is still there, and she leaves with her sisters in captivity. It has somehow suddenly become tremendously important to us, the audience, that she should return to him. Finally, after it seems that she will never return, she rushes back alone and at last the two lovers are united.

Von Rothbart appears on his rock and causes a storm to arise—and what a storm! The whole stage, from footlights to back-cloth is filled with swirling waves (a stage trick of which I have still to discover the secret) which get higher and higher. Odette rushes up the cliff and throws herself over in a dramatic leap. As she reaches the water she is transformed back

SORROWING SWANS: Vinogradova, in front, as Odet'e who, with her sister swans, laments the fact that the Prince has been duped into forsaking her. A scene from the final act of Bourmeister's production of Swan Lake *for the Stanislavsky Theatre.* *Photo: Lido*

again to the Princess we first saw in the prologue, and as she and the Prince are re-united the sun shines down on them, the waves gradually subside and the curtain falls.

This wonderful finale, almost Wagnerian in conception, makes a most fitting climax to the whole four-act work. The speed with which it has been taken throughout has never caused it to drag.

A lyrical ballerina

THE cast I saw had Youri Kondratov as the Prince and Sophie Vinogradova as Odette-Odile. Vinogradova is only 18, and is the kind of dancer I particularly admire. She is very pretty and has the lyrical quality of a young Svetlana Beriosova. The Paris critics liked her, but felt that she was not too strong technically. By this I presume they mean that her *fouettés* were not completely *sur place*. On the night I saw her she "travelled" forward a few feet at this point, but otherwise I could see no other technical fault, specially in a performance of one so young. Her elevation was extraordinary and even then I felt that in *jetés* she was rather cramped by a stage which must be much smaller than those she is used to. She had the usual very grand Russian *arabesque* and her arms were particularly fluid, all of which are essential to the ultimate interpretation of this particular role. Apart from anything else she is a fine artist and the completely differing characteristics of the Odette-Odile role were plausible. She seemed to me to be a dancer whose future should be carefully watched.

All the male dancers suffered from unfortunate costumes, which made them resemble old-fashioned German tenors more than anything else. Kondratov suffered most in this respect —a silver lamé tunic over short pink pants and an unnatural curly wig bound by a silver *filet* is hardly the get-up for a romantically-minded Prince. He partnered wonderfully and danced his variations with all the schooling we have the right to expect, but because of his dressing and also the fact that he seemed to be rather over-developed, much of the pleasure that his dancing should have given was dispelled. That also goes for most of the other male dancers, which was disappointing, as we expect much from the Russian male. No doubt in character ballets, none of which, unfortunately, did I see, they were at their best.

The *divertissement* of national dances, from which I expected a great deal, were less good than they should have been. The *Czardas* and *Mazurka* were given with far less style than by Sadler's Wells. Ashton's *Tarantella* is a great improvement on the Neapolitan *pas de quatre* in the Soviet production, and the *Danse Espagnole*, though given with great verve, was even less "Spanish" than ours. However, the Russians give all these with such a feeling of enjoyment that much of their choreographic inferiority can be overlooked.

The mime of Filippova as the Princess Mother was also of an unregal nature, and I longed for the authority of Pamela May. On the other hand, Alexandre Klein made a splendidly melodramatic von Rothbart and gave a fine exhibition of evil power.

Possibly where this company has the most to offer us, apart from the actual production, is in the *corps de ballet*. Never have I seen a collection of girls who so completely realised the true meaning of this essential and noble body. Each member had the indivuality and the authority of a ballerina, while at the same time becoming integrated completely in the whole. To watch them was a stimulating experience.

With re-designing, more consciousness of court behaviour and attention to the faults mentioned, this could become the model *Swan Lake* upon which every company in the world should base their productions.

Peter Williams

How they danced

QUANTITATIVELY this is a pretty big company. Apparently in Moscow it is the rough equivalent of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet (in fact, I think an operatic parallel with the Vienna Volksoper or the Opéra-Comique hits nearer at its position and function), but in size and scope it is more like the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden. In the West this would be considered a full-scale opera house troupe.

The first thing noticeable in the dancers is their musicality. The response and awareness to music that we find exceptional in Western companies, appears to run in this company from top to toe. Nor is this response purely rhythmic, the whole company appears to feel the music emotionally and this makes their dancing a very splendid sight.

TOAST OF PARIS: Eléonore Vlassova, whom the Paris audiences and critics took to their hearts as the company's star, in a variation from La Esmeralda. *Photo: Lido*

Strangely enough nearly all the new music provided by the season was second rate, and impregnated with Prokofiev mannerisms. It seems as though Prokofiev might have had the same stultifying effect on contemporary Soviet ballet music that Milton had on English epic poetry in the years immediately following his death.

Technically these Russian dancers have, like John Bunyan, grace abounding. They leap wonderfully; their girls seem to jump as high as our men, and their men as high as our horses. The only Western dancers who, as a group, can rival them in this respect are the Danes, but the Russians are broader in their leaps. Whereas the Danes go up, the Russians go up and along. Incidentally they often bend their back legs, Bournonville fashion—which is perhaps what one would expect from a school that includes the great Johannsen, one of Bournonville's pupils, among its founding fathers.

They turn well and with great strength, spinning like heavy tops, giving an impression of momentum rather than speed. The men have a slight tendency to lower their heels after a few *pirouettes* and to finish the series on the soles of their feet. All *tours en l'air* are well-placed and neatly finished from fifth to fifth.

The fast, virtuoso dancer, beloved of the West, seems strangely absent, although this may be a question of differing presentation. Certainly the *allegro* movements of the dancers are more satisfying than the *adagio*, and there is a remarkable weakness in beaten steps. When these are combined with steps of elevation, as in a *cabriole*, they are moderately performed, but there were comparatively few attempts at an *entrechat* and these few were clumsy.

Part of the dancers' elevation is attributable, perhaps, to the point shoes they wear, which seemed rather lighter than is customary here. This also facilitates frequent and beautiful use of the *demie-pointe*, but possibly contributes to the weakness in *équilibre* that is also somewhat marked.

The partnering is by our standards incredible. Supported *pirouettes* were straight and steady, the men bringing both hands well forward and using the right hand as a guard to prevent their partner from slipping out of the perpendicular. The men partner with their feet astride, and often wear boots which presumably assist their lifting. All the *pas de deux* in Paris, with one possible exception, were romantic rather than classical in mood, and the two dancers entwine together instead of paralleling each other's line.

Stylistically the broken-wrist line of the dancers is likely to be a most controversial issue when the Bolshoi Ballet visits Covent Garden. I personally rather like it (though not, of course, for our dancers), and in any case after the first five minutes or so the spectator will probably cease to be consciously aware of it. The Russian use of *épaulement* might seem excessive to Western eyes, but this is really part and parcel of their emotional approach to dancing.

Perhaps in all Russian art there is a lack of contrast. In their dancing nearly everything seems to be in the same emotional key, ecstatic and rhapsodic. They have a wholehearted approach to their art and fling in every jot of their personality all the time. Nothing is presented without an overtone of significance, a characteristic that makes subtlety, though not quite impossible, difficult. Such generosity may seem extravagent to some, although I find it overwhelmingly exciting.

Their dancing also seems charged with animal vitality and a kind of sexuality that knows nothing of the leers and winks that word can connote on Western stages.

The productions seen in Paris were perhaps a little old-fashioned, although this was probably more a comparative appearance than an objective reality. Soviet art is based on precepts about which we have no instinctive understanding, and aimed at an audience completely different in thought and way of life from ourselves. To cite just one instance: in *Pineapple Poll*, Cranko brings on a Union Jack as the comic climax of the ballet; in *The Shores of Happiness* the Red Flag is introduced, without any self-consciousness, as a stirring finale to a work in which patriotism is an accepted undercurrent.

The non-classics

APART from their interesting and rewarding new production of the full-length *Swan Lake*, the company gave two repertory programmes in Paris. The first of these consisted of one act from a contemporary full-length Soviet Ballet, *The Shores of Happiness*, a mixed bag of *divertissements*, and three scenes from another full-length ballet, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

The Shores of Happiness, like most of the company's repertory, was the work of the ballet

master Vladimir Bourmeister. The story is simple.

In the first act, not shown in Paris, is depicted the childhood of four children, Natasha, Peter, Anatole and Constantin. The three boys, who all go to the Naval Academy, each fall in love with Natasha, and the second act opens with their wooing. Natasha prefers Peter, much to the disappointment of his two rivals, but with the coming of war all jealousy is put aside as the three friends go to the front.

Waiting for the German attack the Russian sailors amuse themselves with national dances. Eventually their position is put under concentrated fire from a German tank. The situation is saved by Constantin, who sacrifices himself for his comrades by throwing himself under the tank carrying a box of ammunition, and so blowing the tank up. Amid the general rejoicing at his heroism, Peter, Anatole and Natasha (who is in the front-line as a partisan) are left with their personal grief, but soon all join together in determination to defeat the invader, and the act ends with them marching together with their comrades behind the Red Flag.

This is a fascinating ballet. Gaining my seat just as the lights went down I had no time to read the programme note, yet the entire story, of which I have only given the barest outlines, was made crystal clear by the dancing. A theme that sounds the tawdriest of patriotic clap-trap and cheap propaganda on paper, has been made into an altogether thrilling and engrossing ballet. To find a parallel in the West we must consider the very best of our war films.

RETURN TO VIENNA: A scene from Straussiana, *a type of ballet rare in the Soviet repertoire in that it is a one-act work. The choreography of Bourmeister and Markov showed that there is more substance to contemporary choreography in Soviet Russia than many people are inclined to think.*
Photo: Lido

Ballet into battle

The act opens with the three sailors wooing Natasha, in a scene that incongruously combines something of *Fancy Free* with the atmosphere and style of *Giselle*. Danced in front of a painstakingly realistic seashore setting, complete with cute little thatched cottage, and set to music that conscientiously reiterated every cliché Prokofiev had ever devised, after five minutes I felt that my worse fears of Soviet ballet had been justified. But with the coming of war, and the farewell between Natasha and Peter the ballet comes to life, and by the next scene is pulsing with vitality.

Sailors are sitting down resting, or walking about aimlessly. One of them starts playing an accordian, and Anatole and Constantin start a national dance. This is taken up by the others, until about 20 of them are whirling around. These same dancers, who were so disappointing in the national dances in *Swan Lake*, given Russian dances to do, can perform them almost as well as the Moiseyev troupe.

The battle scenes were extremely well produced, realistic in outline, stylised in detail. This stylised movement (the throwing of hand grenades while doing *double tours*, etc.) was saved from appearing ridiculous by the passionate sincerity of the dancers. The final encounter with the tank, which was staged with a cinematic realism, was full-blooded theatre even if it was not art, and had me practically out of my seat in a frenzy of excitement. The finale of marching sailors behind a huge flag fluttering in what was apparently a 90 m.p.h. gale, made me want to join something—anything!

Such a ballet, and such art, has its obvious limitations. Its appeal, as instantaneous as a poster slogan, is to the heart and the guts instead of being to the heart and the mind, but at its own level it is thrilling. This is the kind of ballet that with a little more simplicity and a lot more choreographic ability, Helpmann might have produced for our company.

Choreographically *The Shores of Happiness* is highly competent, but not a great deal more. Conventional but appropriate, uninventive but fluent, the choreography serves its purpose, yet is overshadowed by the production and the dancing. From this and other works one would guess that the old idea that the Fokine doctrine of expressive dancing had been ignored in Russia is really a red-herring, for even if Fokine had little direct influence—and this is easily minimised—it seems likely that there were others in Russia working, obviously not so successfully, on somewhat similar lines. However, what Fokine did bring with him to the West was his new conception of the function and position of a choreographer; Bourmeister and, for he never seems to work alone on a ballet, his associates, Kourilov, Markov and Goussiev, appear to be ballet-masters in the old fashion, rather than choreographers in the new.

The ballet, like all the others I saw, was danced right up to the hilt of its possibilities. Mira Redina was wholly appealing as Natasha, and made the girl a thoroughly convincing and well-rounded character. Her lover Eugene Kouzmine had the same powers of projection, and together with the other two boys, Vladimir Tchiguiriev and A. Sorokine, danced with warm-hearted conviction.

A mixed bag

The *divertissements* given in between the two ballets on this programme, were of variable interest. They served to display the company's ballerina Violetta Bovt, as well as the three younger ballerinas, Sophie Vinogradova, Alla Ossipienko and Eléonore Vlassova. Bovt I did not greatly care for; she appeared strangely undisciplined, and even more strangely unmusical. Her dancing in the *Don Quixote pas de deux* had more flash than bravura, and, quite possibly she was dancing beneath her best, showed up some apparently severe technical difficiencies, including a poor turnout. She was partnered in this by Yuri Kondratov, a former partner of Ulanova. He revealed a huge theatrical personality, and a moderate technique. He has a wide, expansive grin and a swashbuckling manner. He prowled around the stage instead of walking, and clicked his fingers in time to the music.

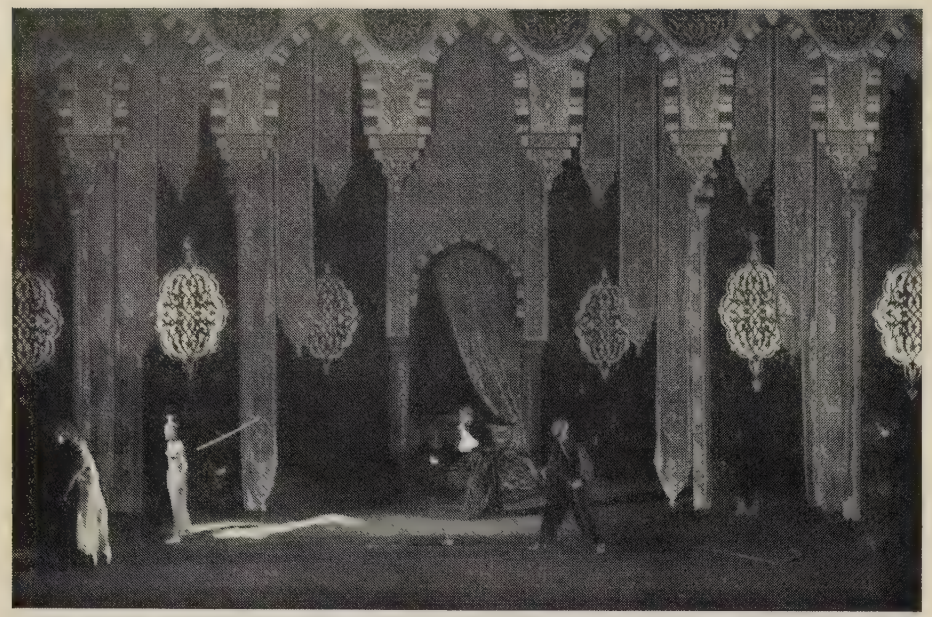
Bovt also danced the by now familiar "Anyone for Tennis?" Waltz. This particular example of the *genre* had inferior music by someone called Tchapkovski, and much more humour than most. Bovt did her ariel twists with *élan*, but she is no Struchkova or Shelest She was partnered excellently by Alexei Tchitchinadze.

The other ballerinas were all shown to better advantage elsewhere in the repertory, but Eléonore Vlassova, who Paris appears to have taken to its heart as the *étoile* of the company, made a great impression in a *pas de deux* from the ballet *La Fille de Castile*. She is a wonderful dancer, and like her colleagues Vinogradova and Ossipienko, is comparable to our own young ballerinas. I have no idea of their ranking in Russia; in England they would be at about the Beriosova-Fifield level.

Merry Wives of Moscow

TO judge from the quite lengthy extracts shown in Paris, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is a *ballet bouffe* of dubious value. Possibly the ballet was spoilt for me by the fact that I had seen in Holland only a day or two previously a company from La Scala give Verdi's opera on the same theme, *Falstaff*. Verdi and his librettist Boito have taken the Shakespeare original and from it fashioned a masterpiece that not only breathes the spirit of the playwright but actually adds immeasurably to the none-too-successful play. Bourmeister and his collaborator Kourilov have worked no such miracle with their ballet. This mixture of knockabout comedy and commonplace dancing breathes only hot air, and adds nothing to anything. If this is the kind of production favoured by Russia's "experimental" company, one wonders fearfully how conventional its "conventional" companies can get.

It appears that the original story has been considerably adapted and made to centre around the love affair of Anne Page and Fenton. One imagines that the complete ballet owes not much more to Shakespeare than did Petipa's *Don Quixote* to Cervantes. The work does not entirely lack a rough, hearty humour, and the wooing of Anne by Caius and Shallow, followed by the duel between the suitors, is diverting enough to pass away the time.



DEATH IN THE HAREM: A moment from the final act of the Stanislavsky Theatre production of The Fountain of Bakchiserai, *which was all of this full-length ballet that was given in Paris.*
Photo: Lido

Naturally enough the ballet was well danced. Mira Redina was an enchanting Anne, and the elegant Mikhail Solop made an ardent Fenton. Perhaps the best performance in the ballet came from Vladimir Tchiguiriev, who danced Slender with inspired idiocy. The conception of Falstaff as a mere buffoon was so misguided of the choreographers that it is difficult to comment on the performance of K. Biteliev. The dull *décor* and costumes of Volkov and the umpty-tumpty music of Oranski made little positive contribution either to the ballet or one's pleasure.

Russia on the Danube

THE other programme given by the company in Paris was made up of *Straussiana*, excerpts from *The Fountain of Bakchiserai* and *Esmeralda*, and the second act of *Swan Lake*. *Straussiana* is that rare bird in the Russian aviary, the one-act ballet. It takes place in a Viennese park one fine summer evening. The scene is outside a café, where young girls, officers, military cadets and soldiers are enjoying themselves. A diversion is caused by an eccentric thief who steals a lady's handbag. Among the crowd is a Poet and a young girl, very much in love with him. An Actress enters and immediately becomes the centre of attraction; the Poet is captivated by her charms and eventually goes off with her. The crowd disperses, leaving the young girl alone in the park with her empty heart. As she runs off, an old lamplighter puts out the lights. Imagine Massine's *Le Beau Danube* mixed up with Ashton's *Nocturne* and you have a fair idea of *Straussiana*.

As a production the ballet straggles a little, the story taking rather too long to get under way. The incidents around the café, although often amusing in themselves, are not given any particular relevance to the narrative. Nevertheless despite its faults it is a good opening ballet of a type probably more familiar to us than to the Russians. In the inevitable comparison with *Le Beau Danube*, however, it comes off a clear second.

The choreography by Bourmeister and P. Markov is lively, and frequently original. A comic mazurka danced by Kourilov and Kouprianova, and an excellently devised chase of the thief are both brilliantly funny. The serious *pas de deux* are all interesting examples of the new Soviet style. The typical lifts, that seen out of their context in concert hall presentation seem acrobatic, are used most effectively in the Russian ballets. These lifts are far from being tricks, and are an intrinsic and important part of the Soviet choreographic vocabulary.

This light ballet more than anything else in the Paris repertory showed the immense charm of the dancers. The imperious and impetuous Vlassova sailed through the ballet, glamorous and self-assured. Each one of her characterisations is completely individual; she has all the makings of a great dancer. Redina's young girl to Vlassova's actress, was a Riabouchinska to a Danilova. Never completely overshadowed by her powerful rival, her dancing had warmth, tenderness and delicacy.

Tchitchinadze seemed a stolid sort of a Poet, but he is a partner without an equal in the company, and handled Vlassova with breath-taking ease. Among the many good performances in the lesser roles, I. Kourilov as an apoplectic General and L. Projeiko as the nimble Thief were outstanding. What a performance of *Le Beau Danube* these dancers could give!

Once again the décor seemed old-fashioned. Russian designers appear to aim at a realism that has been absent from Western stage design for nearly fifty years.

A dribble from the Fountain

The Fountain of Bakchiserai is, of course, familiar to us from the film version with Ulanova and Plisetskaya. In Paris the company presented the third and final act showing the murder of Marie by Zaréma. The version used was the original Zakharov choreography.

It is naturally difficult to assess the merits of this work, one of the most famous of contemporary Soviet ballets, on its last act alone. A dramatic *tour de force*, it offers magnificent opportunities to its three leading dancers, but suffers more, one imagines, than the other excerpts from being cut out of the complete ballet.

Zakharov's choreography and production, and Asafiev's score are obviously highly-skilled pieces of work. The dancing and acting are conceived in the good old blood-and-thunder style of the silent cinema. It is, incidentally, remarkable how frequently this Soviet company reminded one of the cinema. This is possibly due to Soviet ballet being in its own country a popular art form, and so, as far as its orientation towards its audience is concerned, it has more aims in common with the Western film than with the more esoteric Western ballet.

As the tragic Marie, Alla Ossipienko gave a moving and sincere performance. Her exotic rival for the Khan's love, Vlassova, was intensely dramatic. Both the pathos of the one dancer and the passion of the other were portrayed without any inhibitions whatsoever. Two of our own young dancers faced with similar roles would perhaps have been more subtle, and would certainly have been more diffident, but one cannot imagine them carrying the same unquestionable conviction. Whatever these young Russians lacked, it was never dramatic authority. The Khan Guiriei was given noble restraint and animal strength by Sviatoslav Kouznietsov.

A foretaste of the Bolshoi

The first scene of the second act of *Esmeralda* was valuable chiefly for the opportunity it gave the company to show the exceptional homogeneity and high general level of accomplishment it had earlier revealed in *Swan Lake*. The ballet is an entirely new version by Bourmeister, in which even the original Pugni music has been abandoned. The composer is given on the programme as D. Drigo. Whether the initial D. is a misprint for R., or whether this is not the usual Drigo I do not know. If there are, in fact, two Drigos, this present one vies with the original Riccardo Drigo for the distinction of being the dullest ballet composer in Christendom. The only occasions when the music for this scene became tolerable were when the composer borrowed, as he does occasionally, from the original Pugni score.

The excerpt, which is danced in front of an elaborately painted back-cloth showing Notre-Dame, is the betrothal of Phoebus and Fleur-de-Lys. Bourmeister's choreography is fluent and pleasing, and makes no discernible attempt at period reconstruction. Vlassova danced the gypsy Esmeralda (her third principal role of the evening) with tremendous spirit and abandon. Phoebus was interpreted by Kouzmine, with insufficient nobility or presence. Although his classical dancing was not remarkable, like all these Russians he partnered like a lion. Valentina Filimonova danced well as Fleur-de-Lys, and there was also some good dancing in four solo variations by V. Kirpitchnikova, I. Dachkova, G. Savarina and Redina.

The programme ended with the second act of *Swan Lake*. This act, which has been specially revived for the full-length production by A. Goussiev and stays fairly close to Ivanov's original, had Ossipienko as Odette and Tchitchinadze as Siegfried. Ossipienko, a graceful dancer with lovely extensions and poetic feeling, compares well with Vinogradova in this act. Tchitchinadze, more aristocratic in bearing than most of the company's *premiers danseurs*, was entirely satisfactory as Siegfried.

All in all these three performances by the Stanislavsky company have been a fascinating experience, providing a tantalising foretaste of the Bolshoi Ballet we are to welcome here in the autumn. If what has been seen in Paris is typical of Soviet ballet, then in many aspects of the art it is without equal. Yet although we in England, with our brilliant fledgeling of a National Ballet, have much to learn from the Russians, they in different ways quite possibly have just as much to learn from us. Let us hope that nothing, neither misguided patriotism, political partisanship, nor sheer stupidity, will prevent all of us from each side of our two proscenium arches from acquiring a new outlook on the art of ballet. **Clive Barnes**

ROYAL RECEPTION: During the interval on the second night of the Festival, principals of Festival Ballet were presented to members of the Dutch Royal Family. Queen Juliana is seen here with Anton Dolin.

BALLETOMANE PRINCESS: Princess Beatrix, known to be a great lover of ballet, talking to Marilyn Burr at the reception.

Photos: Particam

Festival in Holland

by CLIVE BARNES

NO less ambitious in scope than the Edinburgh Festival yet rather more leisurely in pace, each year for four weeks the Holland Festival, which is unusual in spreading its activities throughout an entire country, presents its mixed bill of concerts, opera, drama, art exhibitions and ballet. The Festival combines its native Dutch products with performances by companies, orchestras and artists from other nations, and the resulting feast is one to be enjoyed by every music and ballet lover.

Up to now, as far as ballet is concerned, only foreign companies had been invited to participate, but this year for the first time two of the three leading Dutch companies were included in the Festival. As ballet is expanding rapidly in Holland this move is to be welcomed. However glad one is to see international attractions, one of the principal qualities of a Festival should be the presentation of the country's native products. Even if, as is possible, the young Dutch ballet does not yet compare with the longer established institutions from abroad, visitors to Holland interested in the dance still want to see how much has so far been achieved.

Unfortunately the invitations to the two Dutch companies were presumably made at the last minute as the detailed programmes of the Festival sent to England did not mention their participation, so inadvertently it will not be possible for me to review the Dutch contribution in these pages. Nevertheless, it may be of some interest to say something in general on ballet in Holland.

The two companies appearing in the Festival were the Netherlands Ballet and the Ballet of the Amsterdam Opera. The first-named is the national company. Under the direction of a Russian, Sonia Gaskell, the company has been in its present form for some three years. It receives a State subsidy and, like the other Dutch companies, gives performances throughout Holland. The repertory includes numerous standard classics, including Dolin's version of *Giselle* and Beriosoff's production of *Petrouchka*, and ballets and revivals by Balanchine, Gore, Taras and Gaskell.

LIGHTING UP: Toni Lander and Masche ter Weeme (Director of Ballet of the Lowlands) being offered a light by an Amsterdam journalist at the party given for Festival Ballet by the Holland Festival Committee.

STRAWBERRIES AND SMILES: Other members of Festival Ballet at the after-performance party. Pamela Hart, John Gilpin, Alexis Gohar, Flemming Flindt, Mary Duchesne and Benn Toff.

Photos: Particam

The Ballet of the Amsterdam Opera is directed by Françoise Adret, a French dancer and pupil of Lifar. The company dances in the operas produced at the Amsterdam Opera House, as well as giving separate performances. The repertory, which also includes the classics, is chiefly by Adret, although there are also some Lifar ballets.

A third company, not represented in the Festival, is the Ballet of the Lowlands, directed by Masche ter Weeme. This company, I believe the oldest established of the three, has the English dancer Jack Carter as its principal choreographer. It also produces certain classics, including Carter's production of the full-length *Coppélia*. There is finally a fourth company, the Scapino Ballet, which is primarily designed specially to give performances for school children.

The main ballet contribution to this year's Holland Festival came from London's Festival Ballet, who were engaged after some unsuccessful preliminary skirmishing with the Russian Bolshoi company.

Deep down in most of us there must be a tinge of nationalist vanity. In one's own country one can impartially watch the international parade of ballet that steps across our stages. Abroad, watching a British company before a "foreign" audience, immediately our critical faculties are, to be frank, numbed by a chauvinism the presence of which we had previously only dimly feared. One finds oneself rooting for the visitors, scanning the strange audience for their reaction, hoping the company will give of its best, and, in short, feeling partisan.

Fortunately the success of Festival Ballet with the Dutch audience and critics was resounding enough to satisfy British ballet's most jingoistic supporters. The Grigorievs' production of *Les Sylphides*, which opened the programme, had a dreamy ardour that even the indifferent playing of the Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra could not quench. The ballet was well danced by a cast led by Belinda Wright, Kenneth Melville, Janet Overton and Marilyn Burr, and the triviality of Kirsta's old *décor* was decently shrouded by obscurantist lighting.

ETUDES: (*Above*) *The finale of the* barre *section of Lander's ballet with the dancers in silhouette.* (*Below*) *The company in* jetés *and* temps de poisson. *Photos: Particam*

ETUDES: (*Below*) *The company in a group which comes in the middle of the ballet.* (*Below, right*) *John Gilpin in the air in the* Mazurka *towards the end of the ballet.* *Photos: Particam*

HOMAGE TO A PRINCESS: *Louis Godfrey, Anita Landa, Ronald Emblen and the company in one of the opening moments of Michael Charnley's ballet, given by Festival Ballet during the Holland Festival. (Below) Gilpin, Belinda Wright and Louis Godfrey in the opening of the third movement. Photos: Particam*

Homage to a Princess seemed eagerly awaited by the audience, largely because of the publicity it acquired through that wedding in Monaco. As new to me as to the rest of the audience, I was personally a little disappointed in the work. The choreography, despite originality particularly in its opening and *finale*, did not show a marked advance on Charnley's earlier work, while Stan Kenton's music, blown up big in a symphonic orchestration, seemed as empty as a gaily coloured balloon. On the credit side are the *gamin* elegance of the designs by André Levasseur, and the spirited, boisterous performance the ballet receives from the company.

The first programme concluded with Harald Lander's apotheosis of the dancing class—*Etudes*, and the audience completely capitulated. During the five-finger exercises of its opening, a Dutch lady next to me said: "This is so simple, yet it will have a big success." Whether as the ballet progressed and the glittering panoply of the dance academy revealed itself, the lady had second thoughts on the work's simplicity I never knew, but certainly it had the big success she forecast, with Toni Lander, John Gilpin and Flemming Flindt winning personal ovations.

The second night was a special gala performance given in the presence of Queen Juliana, Prince Bernhardt and Princess Beatrix. The programme was unchanged and the company was once again greeted with enthusiasm. At the conclusion of *Etudes*, bouquets were thrown down to Lander, Gilpin, Flindt and Dolin. In the interval many of the company's principals were presented to the Royal party, and after the performance a reception was held in the company's honour at the Festival Pavilijoen in the beautiful Vondelpark.

Festival Ballet during its Dutch visit also danced in The Hague, Utrecht and Rotterdam, everywhere proving themselves worthy ambassadors of our ballet.

Next year the Holland Festival could provide a further attraction to European ballet-goers if, in addition to the international company presented, the Dutch companies were to be given a chance to show their mettle at the same time. By concentrating all these performances within the space of a week or so, the dance side of the Holland Festival might easily become as important an event in the calendar of ballet as the entire Festival undoubtedly already is in the calendar of music and opera.

HOMAGE TO A PRINCESS (*right*): *Emblen, Burr and Godfrey in the second movement of the ballet, created for the Rainier wedding, which was given with success during the Holland Festival. Photo: Particam*

FAR REACHING INFLUENCE: Sybil Shearer, discussed at length in our July number, whose influence is reflected in the work of some of the personalities discussed in this article.
Photo: Helen Morrison

Transatlantic View: 4

Breaking Down the Barriers

by DAVID VAUGHAN

In this series of articles, David Vaughan, a young dancer and choreographer who has worked and studied in America, writes about American Modern Dance choreography. He has already discussed the work of some of the foremost dancers in this field. This month he discusses the work of further personalities who are breaking down the artificial barriers between ballet and Modern Dance.

IN my previous articles I have attempted to give readers in this country some idea of the contemporary dance scene in America as it appeared to me. It is, I hope, understood that mine could not be an entirely objective viewpoint, since I have been personally involved in some part of the activity described, whether as a practitioner or by reason of a shared attitude towards what dancing is, or should be.

Nor are these articles to be taken as an exhaustive survey: I have simply tried to describe the work of those whom I take to be the most important figures. It remains to mention briefly a few others who are exploring similar paths to one or another of the choreographers whose work I discussed in the July issue, and who may be said to constitute with them what is already assuming the appearance of a new trend in American dancing; a trend that we may define as the breaking down of the artificial barriers between ballet and modern dancing, which is ultimately as meaningless as the distinction between classic and romantic, at least in the way these words are applied in relation to dancing.

Talented males

JAMES WARING is a choreographer with a brilliant sense of theatre—which is another way of saying that his pieces often provoke the cry of "But it isn't dancing!" Waring's comedy sense and flair for the macabre perhaps would be better liked by an audience that relishes such ballets as *Noctambules*. Indeed Waring's *Freaks* was a piece that the editor of DANCE AND DANCERS might like to add to his list of "sinister fair-booth ballets." Entertainers seem to have a fascination for Waring, and have provided him with the themes for his best dances: *The Wanderers*, which dealt with a family of *funambules* (in beautiful Picasso-like costumes by George Robert Lewis); *Pastorale*, in which a mediaeval lady and her nephews were interrupted in their sleepy rehearsal for a concert by the arrival of some clowns and the discovery of a scarecrow; *Burlesca*, a sad and funny *Vaudeville* by some Verlainesque clowns and pierrots. These are dances that gave me such pleasure to see or to dance in that the reader must forgive me for thus nostalgically recalling their names and themes.

Whether one likes them or not, Waring's dances have a definite style of their own—sometimes pursued to the point of perversity, perhaps, but with integrity too, as in his Dadaist *Intrada*, six solos made up entirely of invented movements.

In a somewhat similar vein, Paul Taylor (a fantastically gifted dancer) has begun to make dances that have perhaps a more immediate audience appeal, especially the delightful *Little Circus* to Stravinsky music. I should also mention his surrealist version of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, with its surprising Mother-Son Duet (with Freudian overtones).

Another young choreographer who has evolved a highly personal style is the brilliant Negro dancer Louis Johnson, whose *Lament* has become something of a classic. I can do no better than to quote P. W. Manchester's description of this "very nearly perfect" small work, "with its strange, sad souls groping their way in some desperate limbo which offers them nothing but an eternity of aching loneliness." Johnson's style is based on classic technique, but with a strong admixture of modern and quasi-acrobatic movements. I am able to state with feeling that no one can perform these movements as well as Johnson himself—with the possible exception of Maggie Newman, whose moving performance in the leading part was one of the most memorable things in *Lament*. Certainly Johnson is happiest when working in this style. His attempts to choreograph in a purely classical vein have been rather unsuccessful. His *Harlequin* solo and his ballet *Kindergarten*, on the other hand, are both quite delightful, full of originality and high spirits.

Humour in the dance

WHEN writing of Sybil Shearer in the last article, I spoke of her isolation but added that her influence is likely to be far-reaching. Already several dancers reflect her influence. Katherine Litz, like Shearer, was at one time a member of the Humphrey-Weidman company, but like Shearer she now pursues her own path, though this might be said to be parallel to Shearer's. Katherine Litz is best known for her comedy dances, and indeed I would be prepared to say that she is the next funniest woman in the world after Beatrice Lillie. Her solo *The Glyph* in which, encased in a tube of jersey, she parodies various dance styles, and the dance in which, to music by Rachmaninov and Sousa, she first practises and then rather unsuccessfully carries out an exercise in semaphore, are among the most hilarious dances ever made. I remember too with joy the series of dances called *Madame Bender's Dancing School*—a kind of crazy end-of-term display in which Litz, as Madame, danced sometimes alone and sometimes with her best pupil (the diminutive and witty Diana Banks). There was a bullfight *pas de deux*, a skaters' waltz, Madame's *Menuetto and March* (Mozart), and a dance called *Revolution* (to a waltz by Brahms and the Chopin *Etude*) in which one thought to see Isadora plain. It is unlikely that Fannie Brice was funnier in her famous "Rewolt!" dance. I have heard people dismiss Litz as "mere" vaudeville; but great clowns—like Brice, and Laurel and Hardy—are always great dancers. Katherine Litz has brought something of their quality to the dance itself.

Withdrawn personalities

A THIRD solitary yet somehow similar figure is Merle Marsicano. It is very obvious at her recitals that she attracts as many painters as she does dancers, and in fact Marsicano's dances bear a striking similarity to some kinds of modern painting.

Hers is a *terre-à-terre* kind of dancing that relies greatly on changes of the body silhouette that bring to mind a "distorted drawing, and on graphic gesture. Like much modern painting, it is not perhaps "beautiful" in an obvious way and it is not always apparent what her dances are "about." Marsicano is almost more austere, and certainly more withdrawn, than Shearer. What these three dancers have in common, aside from their isolation, is that none of them is interested in the least in selling to the audience a personality, and this is a new and welcome departure in the Modern Dance.

Handicap of no group

IT is, I believe, a grave drawback in Modern Dance of all kinds that any works that are at all on an ambitious scale can be performed only by a company that is assembled for that purpose by the choreographer. Some choreographers are lucky enough to be able to use more or less the same dancers all the time—though no modern dance company is on a really permanent basis—others have to go through the laborious business of re-teaching a difficult dance to new dancers each time it is performed. It is often heartbreaking under these conditions for the choreographer and his company to rehearse for months, without pay, and then give one performance, which like all first performances is apt to go badly. Yet when it is over there is nothing to do but go home and wait for the reviews, and modern dance works that are given at off-Broadway recitals—that is to say, the vast majority—are reviewed only in the monthly dance publications, almost never by John Martin and Walter Terry, the Tweedledum and Tweedledee of American dance criticism.

Attempts have been made to gather together under one roof the companies of various choreographers so that, for a brief season at least it would be possible for the audience to get a more comprehensive view of the modern dance than is possible at an evening of works by one choreographer—which is in any case apt to

MODERN DANCERS IN ACTION: Left: Merle Marsicano. Right: Louis Johnson, whose style is a mixture of classic technique, modern dance and acrobatics. Photo: George Lake

Below, left: Katherine Litz in her famous solo, The Glyph. *Photo: Norman Solomon*

Below, right: Gisela Golombek, David Vaughan (who writes this article), Marian Sarach and James Waring in the latter's Burlesca. *Photo: Stephan*

be more than one can bear, and this is true of the work of the greatest choreographers in any field. There have been seasons at the New York City Centre, the American Dance seasons, the New Dance Group repertory seasons, and the innumerable one-night agglomerations given under such auspices as Choreographers' Workshop, Dance Associates. None of these has been of greater duration than three weeks, however, and the various companies thus assembled have retained their identities.

I have more than once in the course of these articles had occasion to observe that a work should be in a permanent repertoire—which is to say, that of a ballet company. But what is really needed at this moment is a permanent company of dancers sufficiently versatile to be able to perform a repertoire of works by various choreographers of all persuasions. Such a company would need no doubt to restrict its range to some extent: my own feeling is that it would do best to limit its repertoire to works by those choreographers I have mentioned—and others—whose tendency is to make the paths of modern dance and ballet converge, if only because the stamp of their own individual personalties must always remain on the companies headed by Graham and Limon, while a company with a repertoire of dances by Cunningham, Broughton, and others I have mentioned would evolve a style of its own.

There is certainly no shortage in New York of dancers magnificently equipped to perform such a repertoire, no lack of choreographers to give it variety. What is lacking, needless to say, is the money—and a Diaghilev. It is unfortunate, of course, that in the union-ridden theatre of New York a company like the Ballet Rambert, say, would be unthinkable—and yet it is a company of about that size and scope that is required. If it were only possible, such a company would also, I think, have an influence on the development of the dance in America comparable to that of the Ballet Rambert in England.

Milloss Creations in Rome

THE return of Aurelio Milloss to Italy after an absence of some years in Brazil, where he formed a company for the centenary celebrations of the city of Sao Paolo, has revitalised the choreographic activities of Rome Opera.

Many patrons of the arts interested in the future of the dance in Italy beseeched the director of the most important theatre of the Italian capital to secure Milloss's services, as in the past he had given sufficient evidence—at La Scala in Milan, at the Florence Maggio Musicale and at the Autumn Musical Festival in Venice—of his fitness to raise ballet's status in Italy.

After four months of serious preparation, during which the Roman *corps de ballet* succeeded in recapturing a strength and discipline long forgotten, Milloss presented a first programme of four ballets, all created by him, and two of which are new to the present repertory.

CIACCONA: *The company of the Rome Opera in the Milloss ballet to Bach-Casella music. Attilia Radice and Walter Zappolini are seen centre.* *Photo: Reale*

Ciaccona

First given at the Rome Opera by the Opera House Ballet on January 10, 1956. Choreography by Aurelio Milloss. Music by Bach-Casella. Setting and costumes by Franco Laurenti.

Cast

ATTILIA RADICE, WALTER ZAPPOLINI, ROSSANA PACCIARELLI, WALLY PODELVENTO

CIACCONA, music by Bach originally written for clavichord and orchestrated by the Italian composer Alfredo Casella (1883–1947), is a mixture of ancient and modern music, which styles Milloss has paralleled in his interpretation.

The idea of the choreographer was to stage this ballet as a *danza concertante*, on the pattern of the old Spanish court dances, which originally were wild and sensual country dances. A symmetry and harmony of composition dominates the work, blocks of dancers always complementing each other bilaterally fill the whole stage with grave solemnity, while the severity of academic steps is sometimes reminiscent of Balanchine's style.

The prima ballerina, Attilia Radice, and the leading male dancer, Walter Zappolini, danced the main roles adequately. Supporting them, the two soloists Leda Pacciarelli and Wally Podelvento, and both the male and female *corps de ballet*, contributed with laudable precision to Milloss's plastic architecture.

The *decor* was the first important assignment of Franco Laurenti, a young set designer now preparing the sets for some ballets in the Boboli Garden, Florence, and for Sophocles' *Electra* in the Greek Theatre of Syracuse, Sicily. The enormous backdrop was of deep green and grey tones and Spanish baroque in feeling. The costumes subtly matched the spirit of Bach's music.

HUNGARICA: *Radice and Alfredo Kollner in another Milloss ballet, to Béla Bartók's* Dance Suite, *for the Rome Opera.* *Photo: Oscar Savio*

Hungarica

First given at Rome Opera House Ballet on January 10, 1956. Choreography by Aurelio Milloss. Music by Béla Bartók. Setting and costumes by Toti Scialoja.

Cast

ATTILIA RADICE	(In white)
GUIDO LAURI	(In black with white)
ALFREDO KOLLNER	(In yellow with black)
Corps de Ballet	(In black with red)
Corps de Ballet	(In black with yellow)

THE other new ballet by Milloss, *Hungarica*, was based on Béla Bartók's *Dance Suite*, music which lends itself perfectly to the ideas and sensibility of the Hungarian choreographer. An ingenious contribution to the success of this ballet was the decor of the painter Toti Scialoja —a black and red abstract set with costumes in black, red, white and yellow. The colours were marvellously grouped and dispersed by the choreography.

The conception of the ballet, in Milloss' own words, is "the parable of a land looking for land" and represents with nostalgic longing the torment of an oppressed land seeking freedom. The land is Hungary and the expression of homesickness becomes even more real and touching because of Milloss's personal experiences, and adds greater poetic meaning to the ballet.

The treatment of *Hungarica* is completely different from that of *Ciaccona*. Here geometric patterns in space are no more, instead we have groupings of figures and a more continuous and dynamic action. It is a ballet where dance has a double function—visual and psychological—and the emotional content is expressed through the fluctuating intensity of the movement and not through mimic symbolism.

Attilia Radice, in a white costume, danced with her usual virtuosity, purity of style and sad tenderness. The male dancers Guido Lauri, first dancer of the Opera, and Alfredo Kollner, also performed with precision and *élan*.

Gianni Carandente

Next month, Gianni Carandente will write about further creations by Milloss for the Florence Festival—*Les Créatures de Prométhée* and *La Légende de Joseph*. He will also review the Festival of Nervi at Genoa.

Ginevra

First given by The Netherlands Ballet at the Koninklijke Schouwburg Theatre, The Hague, on June 22, 1956. Ballet-poem by David Wright. Choreography (dedicated to L.) and setting by Walter Gore. Costumes by Ger Frenzen. Music by Sibelius. Poem translated by K. de Josselin de Jong, spoken by Maria de Booy.

Cast

Ginevra .. .. .. PAULA HINTON
Lord Lovell .. .. JAAP FLIER
Friends and Guests .. LINDA MANEZ, HELGA MONSON, JANINE VAN THOR, VALLA COLCHER, IRENE DE VOS, PETER APPEL, JULIUS HAMEL, FRANCOIS LUDERHUS, TOM WITSEL, PETER-PAUL ZWARTJES.

YOUTHFUL BRIDE: Ginevra (Paula Hinton) pauses during the dance in which she sets in motion the fateful game of hide-and-seek. Hinton, formerly prima ballerina of Ballet Rambert and the Walter Gore Ballet, had a sensational success in the title role of this new ballet by her husband, Walter Gore, commissioned for the Holland Festival.

WALTER GORE has a reputation here as the *enfant terrible* of English ballet, and although we sometimes tie that rattling tin-can to his tail, he is the only choreographer we know to have succeeded in ballets of words and music. *Ginevra*, commissioned for the Holland Festival, would seem to follow on from two earlier Gore works in which the human voice accompanied the dance—*Confessional* and *Tancredi and Clorinda*.

Once again Gore has succeeded and in this case has made a ballet which, when it is tightened up, will surely satisfy both the connoisseur and the ordinary ballet-goer—and perhaps even those whose battle cry is "this is not ballet!"

The programme note tells the following story: "On Christmas Eve, her wedding night, the young bride of one of the Lovells disappeared during a game of hide-and-seek. Many years later her skeleton was discovered in an oak chest, from which hiding place she had found it impossible to escape."

In this *Mistletoe Bough* ballet there is more actual dance content than Gore has previously used in word-ballets, and in the passage of "words without songs" the movement patterns have a flowing choreographic style.

As one expects from this choreographer, there is much theatrical impact in this romantic drama: the lonely voice of the ghost before curtain rise, followed with striking contrast by the calmly majestic yet ominous overture; the silent stillness of the stage at curtain rise, strangely accentuated by the varied voice tones calling "Ginevra"; then the gathering momentum of search until the ghost of the vanished Ginevra appears amid a flurry of whispers like dry wind-blown leaves. The sound of music at the exact moment of her appearance in a dark, agitated emptiness is sudden and startling.

The transition to what forms the central part of the ballet—the ill-fated evening of festivity—is smoothly done but would have been helped by better lighting. The dancing itself is in Gore's best manner—easy to look at, inventive yet simple, formal, informal, grave and gay by turn. These dances alone would be an asset to a company as pure divertissement. The last dance, a general one, leads back, in atmosphere, with a gradual ascendency of gravity over gaiety, to the point in the ballet where the ghost of Ginevra first appeared. From this moment on to the end there is no more music, but the choreographer does not resort to mere walking. His groups and individual characters move choreographically, as if to a silent orchestra, with the voice of the narrator as the solo instrument.

Gore raises and lowers the tension throughout by cunning contrast in action, music and variance of pace, achieving a most dramatic climax at curtain fall with the silence and descending darkness penetrated only by a moon-shaft of light in the lovely voice of Maria de Booy.

Although these "cameleopard" types of ballet existed as far back as the Italian 16th century, and are, by evolution, the origin of present-day ballet, I must admit to a niggling doubt as to their continuing validity, although they do have the immediate and beneficial effect of stimulating thought—to anger or admiration, according to our views. But many must have been won over by David Wright's strong, strange and atmospheric poem of truly beautiful imagery.

THE young company did extremely well in what was for them an unaccustomed style and genre. Jaap Flier as Lord Lovell succeeded in creating a real character and danced well, though he needs to pay more attention to his feet, which are not always sufficiently stretched.

But the ballet was rightly dominated by London's Paula Hinton as Ginevra. Like a juggler she hid the tricks of technique and had me at her feet from the moment she first appeared. Now ethereal and insubstantial as a ghost, now glowing with all the tremulous, touching beauty and joy of youth, she gave a magnificent performance. This was a powerful theatrical *tour de force*, a revelation to many of a dancer's ability to project fine shades of dramatic meaning and emotion.

THE choice of Sibelius, and especially the pieces used, was sound, for they were most danceable, and by their impersonal, timeless quality added strength to the ballet. Gore used movements from *The Tempest*, *Pelléas and Mélisande* and *Rakastava*, and although one might have thought that they would not have gone together *en suite*, the pieces did in the event go most happily together.

THE device of transparent doorways, seven in all, irregular in shape and size and standing apparently unsupported, was a simple and striking idea, but was not completely successful. Had the doorways been raised, each on differing levels, the designer would have come nearer to achieving the feel of room on distant room. As it was, one felt a certain flatness or restriction of perspective. Nevertheless, the use of blue transparency against amber opaqueness was effective in suggesting changes of locale and did achieve in an economic way a feeling of romantic mystery.

The costumes, without denoting any specific period beyond inclining towards the late 18th century, were satisfactory in a pleasant and unobtrusive way. The colours were in harmony with the story and choreography. Ginevra's dress was really quite beautiful, in its simple and becoming line combining well the dual suggestion of ghost and reality. Certainly it was refreshing to see costumes which enhanced the figure—a welcome change in a night of leotards, jeans, T-shirts and smocks.

KAREL SCHUURMAN

WEDDING DANCE: The dancing of the guests grows in gaiety, fast approaching the tragic climax of the disappearance of Ginevra (Paula Hinton, right). *Photos: Particam*

New Ballets by Jean Babilée

Sable (Sand)

First given by Les Ballets Jean Babilée at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées on June 19, 1956. Ballet and choreography by Jean Babilée. Music by Maurice Le Roux. Designed by Lilia de Nobili.

Cast

First Couple .. .. .. IOVANKA BIEGOVICH, ALEXANDRE KALIOUJNY
Second Couple .. .. CLAIRE SOMBERT, DICK SAUNDERS
A Young Girl .. .. JANE MASON
with Ella Bogval, Geneviève Coulombel, Nicole Dehayes, Barbel Fanger, Alice Land, José Lobao, Jean-Pierre Martinau, Jean-Pierre Toma.

FOLLOWING in the footsteps of *Le Train Bleu* which Bronislava Nikinska mounted for the Diaghilev Ballet in 1924, *Sable* also evokes athletic games on the seashore, but of a very different kind.

The ballet of the 'twenties was concerned with the luxury and expensive pleasures of a Mediterranean resort, whereas this new work is but the simple self-expression of young people enjoying physical freedom. While amusing themselves in various different ways, the desires of these young couples take flight, their hearts interchange. Thus two couples separate and finally come together again.

Contrary to the statement in the programme that the weather is fine, Lilia de Nobili's setting depicts the vast greyness of the seaside in the North of France, a cloudy sky brushed by wind. One imagines that close by are pill-boxes and the ruins of villas left from the last war. The drab costumes—shorts and pullovers and brief swimsuits—add to the underlying sense of disillusionment which the uneven score of Maurice Le Roux does not succeed in dissipating. The unimaginative lighting did not help to obviate the all-over greyness.

Jean Babilée's choreography contains some interesting moments in the succeeding *pas de deux* and *pas de trois*, but in general the ballet lacked flow and design and seemed to drag on languidly. It was essentially a ballet of mood and in many ways has a literary parallel in Colette's *Le Blé en Herbe*. Unfortunately it needs a master of underlying mood in the theatre, such as Antony Tudor, to bring works of this kind to life. The ballet as it stands is too loosely knit and seems to go on interminably with little construction.

The four principal dancers contributed their stage presence and, at times, their technique so far as it was required. But although they brought a feeling of youth and vigour to the work, they can hardly have been said to have shown any real feeling for the ballet's atmosphere.

Marie-Françoise Christout

Balance à Trois

First given at the Théâtre de Monte-Carlo in 1955, later during the Enghien Festival in the same year, this ballet had its first Paris performance by Ballets Jean Babilée at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées on June 19, 1956. Ballet by C. Nepo and Jean Babilée. Music by Jean-Michel Damase. Choreography by Jean Babilée. Designed by Tom Keogh.

Cast

The Girl .. .. CLAIRE SOMBERT
First Athlete .. .. JEAN BABILÉE
Second Athlete ALEXANDRE KALIOUJNY

THIS short work is so far the most accomplished of the recent ballets arranged by Babilée, whose individual temperament it expresses wonderfully.

The very simple and clearly expressed theme holds the interest of the spectator all the time. A young girl enters a sunlit gymnasium. One by one, two athletes find her there and compete for her favour. She brings them together and shows them the pure delights of sporting comradeship.

The choreographer has succeeded in linking together with facility steps and gestures, and combining athleticism and classical ballet which together form the essence of his art. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that he should himself be an ideal interpreter of this ballet, particularly since he has rarely appeared in greater form. With his exceptional *ballon*, his virile precision and his astonishing *batterie* he gave a wonderful exhibition of manly grace. Equally powerful, though in a tougher way and with a considerable sense of humour, was Alexandre Kalioujny. He is a dancer one hopes very much to see again on the stage of the Opéra, in which company he was brought up. In the role of the girl, Claire Sombert brought grace and restraint to a part to which Yvette Chauvire had formerly brought charm and Violette Verdy her mischievous fragility. Each dancer splendidly realised the ceaseless invention of the variations, *pas de deux* and *pas de trois* which followed each other with piquant fluency.

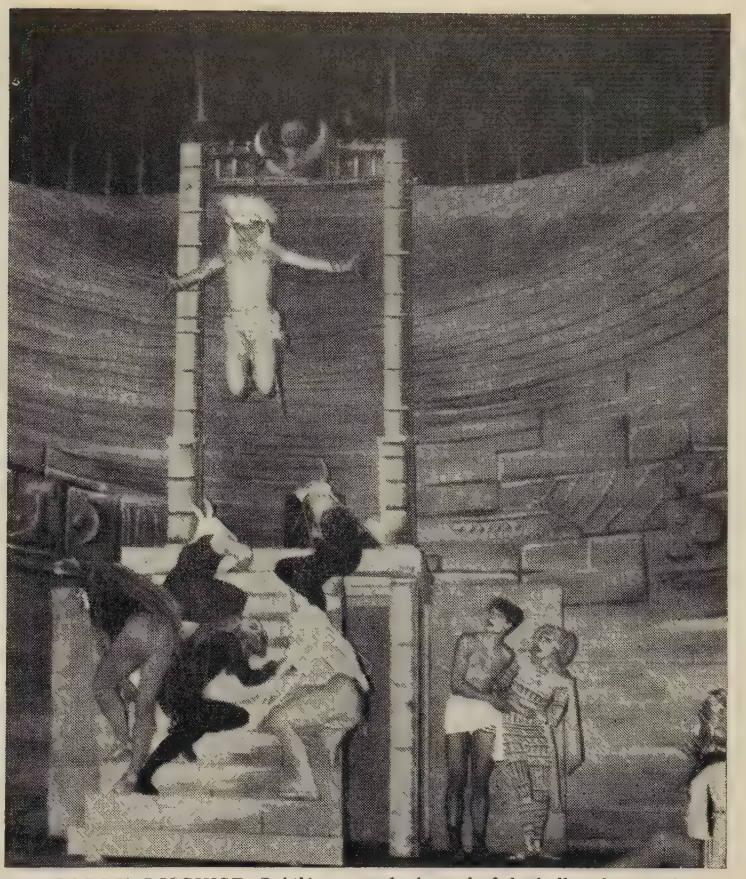
Once again Jean-Michel Damase has shown himself to be a witty and fine composer of ballet. Tom Keogh's set and costumes are bright yet simple and they give the whole work a feeling of sunlight and clean air.

Marie-Françoise Christout

BEACH GAMES: Jane Mason, Alexandre Kalioujny and Dick Saunders in Babilée's Sable. *Photos: Lido*

HAPPY COUPLES: Kalioujny holding Iovanka Biegovich and Claire Sombert on the shoulder of Dick Saunders, against Lilia de Nobili's attractive setting.

THE JEALOUS KING: Jean Babilée as the King, between his two Concubines, Jane Mason and Corinne Reichel. An early moment in Le Caméléopard.



GODLY DISGUISE: Babilée, towards the end of the ballet, deceives both man and beast into thinking that he is the Caméléopard. Photos: Lido

Le Caméléopard

First given by Les Ballets Jean Babilée at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées on June 19, 1955. Ballet in four scenes by Alain Vigot and Jean Babilée. Music by Henri Sauguet. Settings and costumes by Jacques Noël. Choreography by Jean Babilée.

Cast

The King .. .. JEAN BABILEE
The Priest .. .. DICK SAUNDERS
Concubines .. .. JANE MASON, CORINNE REICHEL
Citizens .. Ella Bogval, Geneviève Coulombel, Nicole Dehayes, Barbel Fanger, Alice Land, José Lobao, Jean-Pierre Martineau, Jean-Pierre Toma, Alexis Kotynski.

THE boldest of the works presented by Jean Babilée was also the least satisfactory. The theme, though intriguing in the programme note, was rather disconcerting. In the last days of a declining civilisation in a legendary country (the drop-curtain, however, places the ballet in Antioch), men and beasts live on equal terms and worship alike the Caméléopard. Jealous of the popularity of this god, the King takes his place. The men are deceived by this ruse but the animals discover that a trick has been played on them and they kill the King.

The theme is a complex one to realise in terms of the dance, and in reality the story and the styles of choreography become very muddled. Possibly Babilée did not have enough time, with the undoubtedly onerous job of running the company, to digest the story and find the key to its interpretation. But the total result was a work which contained a few moments of remarkable dancing by Babilée himself, and great long stretches of boredom and confusion. Not even he could create an integrated role for himself on this occasion, and the ballet was thus deprived of its principal, alas! its only, interest.

The three secondary solists—Reichel, Mason and Saunders—have little to do and the numerous *ensembles* required by the action amount to nothing at all. The dancers stand or rush about with very little purpose.

Had Henri Sauguet's music been more striking, some of these choreographic faults would not have been so obvious. But what resulted was hardly worthy of the composer of *Les Forains* and many other notable ballets. The settings by Jacques Noël were more interesting. His grey drop-curtain was good, and the vast semicircular palace surrounding a towering throne in the final scene was particularly effective. Unfortunately, his costumes lacked grace and seemed strangely at variance with the architectural simplicity of the settings. Here again, more imaginative lighting would have been a great help.

Marie-Françoise Christout

Two solos

THE remainder of the programme was made up of two solos—*Variation* danced by Babilée and *La Mort du Cygne* given by Iovanka Biegovich.

Presumably, *Variation* which had choreography by Massine and music by Franco Mannino, was from the former's *Mario e il Mago* which Babilée created in Milan in February, in which case it is to be hoped that the whole ballet may get a wider showing. It is so rare today to see a variation given as a concert piece which has anything new or interesting to offer. It showed more invention than anything we have seen in Massine's work for some years. Babilée danced it with all he could give, and how he managed to give so much in addition to two other extremely exhausting roles in the same evening remains a mystery and should be a lesson to all those who say they cannot dance in more than one ballet at each performance.

Equally mysterious is why, in a programme of this kind, we had to be regaled with *La Mort du Cygne* which Iovanka Biegovich, a Jugoslav dancer, gave adequately enough. But all the adequacy in the world is not enough for this solo which needs supreme artistry above all else —that is if it is to be given at all. Biegovich went through the movements, which consist of little more than *bourrée*-ing about with undulating arms, but only the greatest artist in the world can turn this into the poignant choreographic poem that Fokine originally intended it to be, and Beigovich is no Pavlova!

After the season at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, the company moved to the Olympia Theatre in Paris. It is to be hoped the season will be followed by a tour. At the moment it is obvious that the repertoire needs more ballets by other choreographers. Babilée has probably learned by now that it is beyond the bounds of any human being to direct a company, create most of the ballets and dance in three ballets a night himself. But he is a personality who needs a company and the world also needs to see him dance, so we hope for a revised company and repertoire which will make it possible for both these things to happen. **P.W.**

CHIP OF THE BLOCK (left): Leonide Massine with his son, also called Leonide, who is now aged eleven, and shows promise of becoming a gifted dancer.
Photo: Lido

ILLUSTRIOUS PILAR (right): The Spanish Minister of Foreign Relations, Señor Alberto Martin Artajo, decorating Pilar Lopez with the order of Lazo de Isabel la Catolica for her services to Spain. The ceremony took place at the Palacio de Viana in Madrid. Pilar Lopez and her company have recently made a most successful tour of the main Spanish cities.
Photo: Ibanez

curtain up!

Well-kept secret

THE world of ballet is not notorious for keeping secrets, in fact many people seem to know of events even before they happen. It must, therefore, have come as a great surprise to a lot of people to learn from their Sunday papers on July 8 that Michael Somes was married on the previous day. It was, in fact, one of the best-guarded ballet secrets for a long time.

The principal male dancer of the Sadler's Wells Ballet married Deirdre Dixon, also a member of the company, at his local parish church, which stands in a busy market street in Clerkenwell, on July 7. The ceremony was attended by only a couple of dozen close friends and relatives. Somes, in a dark suit, managed to look even more handsome than usual; his bride wore a ballerina-length white dress and a Juliet cap with a veil. After their honeymoon, which coincided with the company's annual holiday, they returned to a warm welcome from the Sadler's Wells company.

Hats and awards

ON entering Claridges Hotel, for the Royal Academy of Dancing annual tea-party on July 20, my first impression was of the seemingly infinite variety of shapes and sizes of ladies' hats. Britain's two greatest ballerinas represented opposite extremes of fashion—Margot Fonteyn in a vast concealing beige straw cartwheel, Alicia Markova in a close-fitting cap made of giant marguerites, between these contrasting shapes lay every known concoction of the milliner's art.

Since Coronation year an annual award has been presented on this occasion to the person who has given outstanding service to the art of ballet. This Queen Elizabeth II Coronation Award was instituted by the previous President of the Academy—Dame Adeline Genée. It has formerly been held by Dame Ninette de Valois and Madame Tamara Karsavina. A committee has been appointed to decide each year who shall be the recipient, and their findings are kept secret until the President, now Dame Margot Fonteyn, announces it at this gathering.

The committee were unanimous in nominating Marie Rambert as the holder of this award for the year 1956–7. Fonteyn presented last year's holder, Karsavina, with a scroll as a memento of her tenure of office; then she presented the plaque to Marie Rambert, who thanked the Academy in her own characteristic and charming way. Unfortunately the occasion was perhaps too dignified for one of her famous cartwheels, but her speech was a verbal cartwheel just the same.

The Rt. Hon. R. A. Butler was to have delivered the annual address, but as he was indisposed the address was given at short notice by Sir Gerald Kelly. This famous painter and previous president of the other Royal Academy—the one concerned with the other arts—is known for his racy public speaking. On this occasion he spoke about his past visits to the ballet and, although possibly more subdued than on some occasions, he nevertheless had all the hats frequently in a quiver of laughter. His seemingly casual reminiscences contained much sound common sense. In particular I shall always remember his description of the great Flamenco dancer Pastora Imperio. He said: "You know, she has the most wonderful arms; they seemed to reach right up to heaven."

Cecchetti chocolates

JULY is the month when it seems that all the dancing teachers of Britain gather together in London. In addition to the annual tea-party of the Royal Academy of Dancing, the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing held their annual week of lectures and demonstrations from July 15 to 21. One of the first ceremonies of this week was the demonstration given at the Victoria Hall in Bloomsbury by the Cecchetti Society. Picked pupils from various schools teaching the Cecchetti method appeared in an extremely well arranged display. At the end Alicia Markova presented each of those taking part with a box of chocolates bearing on the lid a reproduction of Randolphe Schwabe's lithograph of the Maestro.

In a short speech Markova said: "I was a pupil of Maestro Cecchetti, and I know how very strict he was. If he could see some of the young dancers I have seen here today, I think he would be very proud."

An interesting feature of the demonstration was a beautifully-danced performance of the *Casse Noisette pas de deux* by Rachel Cameron and Keith Lester. It was taught to them by Tamara Karsavina and was the same version as the one she used to dance at the Maryinsky Theatre in St. Petersburg. It was far softer than the version we know today, lacking the cold brilliance which most contemporary dancers bring to this dance, and was far more in keeping with the style of the music and the mood of the ballet.

That red-head from Scotland

"WHAT has happened to that nice Moira Shearer?" is a question I am repeatedly asked by readers. It is now just over two years since the Scottish ex-Sadler's Wells ballerina gave up dancing to become a straight actress. After a provincial tour in *I Am a Camera*, as that amoral lady who plays such havoc in pre-war Berlin, she went last year to the Bristol Old Vic. Playing a number of roles, including Giraudoux's *Ondine*, she has recently returned to London—but on the other side of the river from Covent Garden. At the Old Vic she has been playing the title role in Shaw's *Major Barbara*. She is expecting another baby in November.

Another dancer turned actress is Leslie Caron, now playing the title role in *Gigi* at the New Theatre. Not only has she collected for herself a glowing batch of Press notices, but also a second husband. She recently became engaged to the director of the play—Peter Hall.

Hands across the Atlantic

WHEN American Ballet Theatre give their season at Covent Garden at the end of August, it will be just 10 years since they first appeared in England, at this same theatre. This season will also mark the tenth anniversary of

another prominent feature of the ballet scene—the London Ballet Circle.

Formed at the time when Ballet Theatre were here 10 years ago, this club has made many valuable contributions to the art of ballet in England. It is the largest ballet club in the country, it has given regular classes and almost every famous personality in contemporary ballet has lectured to the club during its 10 years of existence.

Names that immediately come to mind are George Balanchine, Antony Tudor, Alicia Markova, Gene Kelly, Ninette de Valois, Beryl Grey, Violetta Elvin, and Svetlana Beriosova. In addition, the Circle has been responsible for a number of excellent film shows on the dance and, although not a production club, it has put on *An Evening of Ballet* at the Fortune Theatre which showed experimental works by John Cranko among others. It also brought the West Country Ballet to London.

Ballet and the Cafe

THE Café Royal has always been associated with the arts. In the past almost every painter, writer or composer of note has been known to spend many hours there arguing or discussing profundities and trivialities over coffee—or something rather stronger. Now the Café has entered the field in a more practical way by awarding an annual prize for the best book on London entertainment. Out of several hundred books submitted, the second prize of £100 was awarded to Mary Clarke for her book, *The Sadler's Wells Ballet*. This exceedingly well-written volume must be the first English ballet book to win a literary prize; though I remember that in 1934 Igor Schwezoff's *Borzoi* received a prize of £1,000 on account of royalties, offered in that year by the publishers, Hodder & Stoughton, for an autobiography written in the English language. It was all about Schwezoff's life as a dancer in Russia, and his escape after the Revolution.

Empire star celebrates

IT seems almost impossible to realise that on December 20, the ever-youthful Phyllis Bedells will be celebrating the Golden Jubilee of her London début. This much-loved star of the old Empire Theatre in Leicester Square and of many other theatres has played a great part in British ballet. Today, as a teacher and a prominent member of the Royal Academy of Dancing, she is helping to form stars of the future.

To mark her Jubilee, Phyllis Bedells is planning to give a party to all her pupils past and present. So that as many as possible can be present in December, Miss Bedells would like all those who have studied with her to write to her at 28 Quex Road, London, N.W.6., giving their present addresses.

Novikoff dies

WHEN I was preparing our January special Pavlova issue, I had some correspondence with Laurent Novikoff, one of Pavlova's finest and most valued partners. He had planned to write about Pavlova for DANCE AND DANCERS but, alas, this was not to happen for he recently died in America. Trained at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow, he later toured the world with Pavlova and also danced for two seasons with Karsavina. The last years of his life were spent in America.

happy birthday to...

		September
Svetlana Beriosova	Sadler's Wells Ballet	24
Yves Cousineau	National Ballet of Canada	27
Michael Somes	Sadler's Wells Ballet	28
Flemming Flindt	London's Festival Ballet	30
		October
Ninette d'Amboise	New York City Ballet	1
Maureen Webster	London's Festival Ballet	1
Tanaquil LeClercq	New York City Ballet	2
Andrée Howard	British choreographer	3
Serge Grigorieff	London's Festival Ballet	5
Hélène Trailine	Ballerina in France	6
Denys Palmer	Television	9
Lois Smith	National Ballet of Canada	8
Douglas Steuart	Sadler's Wells Ballet	9
Jill Gregory	Sadler's Wells Ballet	10
Barbara Walczak	New York City Ballet	13
Ronald Emblen	London's Festival Ballet	14
Marjorie Tallchief	Ruth Page Ballet	19
Kenneth Sudell	London's Festival Ballet	19
Alan Woodard	London's Festival Ballet	20

BY THE WATERS OF GALILEE: Members of Festival Ballet relaxing during their strenuous but highly successful tour of Israel. In foreground (left) are Maurice Metliss, Flemming Flindt, Maretta Grace and Mary Duchesne. At the back, John Gilpin and Dianne Richards. Right: Paco Ruiz (chief machinist) and Toni Lander.

Dancer you will know

Photo: Hamilton Walter

JANET OVERTON

BORN in London. Started dancing at the age of 10 at the Arts Educational School. In 1949 she joined the corps de ballet *supporting Markova and Dolin in their provincial tour, and stayed on with this group when, during the next year, it was absorbed into Festival Ballet. She became a listed soloist in* 1952.

Solo roles: Myrthe and Bathilde in Giselle*; Leading Swan in* Swan Lake*; Councillor's Wife in* The Nutcracker; *Waltz, Prelude and Mazurka in* Les Sylphides*; Captive Persian Princess in* Prince Igor*; Taglioni in* The Pas de Quatre.

WHEN Festival Ballet was first formed, the vast majority of the dancers were taken from the Arts Educational School. Most of that talented group have by now left one by one, although a few have remained with the company, some, like Anita Landa, rising to star ranking. Another survivor of the group is Janet Overton, a dancer who has made her entire career with the company.

A well-formed dancer with a gracious style, Overton has been a considerable asset to the company in classical roles. Her leading swan in *Swan Lake* has always been outstanding, and more recently she has been giving a carefully considered portrayal of the Queen of the Wilis in *Giselle*, where her easy elevation shows to good advantage. Although she has appeared in all three of the leading parts in *Les Sylphides*, she is most closely identified with the Prelude, which she dances with an intelligent awareness of Romantic atmosphere.

She has a natural stage presence, revealed not only by her sinuous Persian Princess in *Prince Igor*, but also in smaller mime roles such as Bathilde in *Giselle* and the Councillor's Wife in *The Nutcracker*.

Festival Ballet is collectively probably one of the youngest companies in the world. This youth has many advantages, but there is almost unavoidably a shortage of dancers able to assume mime roles with assurance and authority. Although Janet Overton is still in her early twenties, her experience, her tall stature and her gifts for characterisation have made her invaluable in such parts. All in all she is one of the most notable soloists to have been developed within the company.

A Thousand Tangos

Well-known to London audiences as the girl who dances the Tango in *The Boy Friend*, Joan Gadsdon probably holds some kind of record for having given over a thousand performances in a musical of a dance specially created for her. Although her first love was ballet she found that musicals offered greater scope for her versatility as a dancer, actress and singer.

OFF-STAGE GLAMOUR: Australian Joan Gadsdon came to London ballet eight years ago, has since turned to films and musicals.
Photo: Edgar Brind

TO dance the same dance night after night for over a thousand performances, with no suggestion of routine staleness, and still to bring the house down every night, must surely be the most severe test of a dancer's professional approach and of her love for dancing.

One of the highlights of *The Boy Friend*—Sandy Wilson's witty burlesque of a 'twenties musical, now in its third year at Wyndham's Theatre—is the Tango in the last act. Danced by Joan Gadsdon and Stephen Warwick with expert panache and a perfect sense of period, this dance was specially arranged for them when *The Boy Friend* was first given in its present revised form at the Players Theatre in October, 1953.

As well as dancing the Tango, Joan plays a prominent part in the show as one of the irresistible cloche-hatted flappers that gives scope for her additional talents as an actress and singer—she has an attractive soprano voice with a mezzo range.

Yet it was only by a chance in a hundred that she joined the show at all. The girl who was to have played the leading role of Polly became ill at the last minute. Anne Rogers moved up into her part and Joan received a telephone call at 11 p.m. on the day before the première, to ask if she could fill the vacancy.

Learned in Six Hours

It meant learning dialogue, songs and dances in less than six hours. Joan, who had wanted all along to be in *The Boy Friend* but had been out of London when auditions were held, agreed immediately and opened with the show the following night.

Born in Lithgow, New South Wales, a town in the heart of Australia's picturesque Blue Mountains, Joan's earliest ambition was to become a dancer; and she attended her first class at the local dancing school at the age of five.

When her family moved to Sydney she went on to study with Mischa Burlakov, an ex-member of the Pavlova company, and with Hélène Kirsova, the Danish ballerina, formerly with de Basil, who had opened a ballet school in Sydney.

When Kirsova formed what was to be the first professional Australian ballet, Joan joined as a member of the *corps* and remained with the company until 1945, when she was invited by Edouard Borovansky to join his recently formed Borovansky Ballet in Melbourne, then setting off on a tour which took in the principal cities of New Zealand as well as the six Australian State capitals.

Her progress was rapid, her strong technique, attractive appearance and warm personality soon winning for her promotion to solo parts.

In 1948 Joan decided to try her luck in England, though shipping accommodation was at a premium. The unforeseen circumstance of an appendicitis operation almost caused her to lose the passage for which she had waited patiently for many months. But with typical Australian pluck and determination, she refused to let this stand in her way and, only 10 days out of hospital, was carried on board on a stretcher, convalescing on the voyage.

Arrived in London, she joined International Ballet and by the time she left a year later had danced in practically every ballet in its repertoire. Several months' ill-fated rehearsal in Paris for a season of the de Basil Ballet, which was cancelled owing to Col. de Basil's illness, was followed by a tour of Spain with an unusual group formed by Nina Verchinina. As well as dancers from the disbanded Ballet Russe, this also included Rosita Segovia, Antonio's partner in his most recent London season, and other Spanish dancers.

DANCER IN MUSICALS
by DAVID HUNT

The company's repertoire consisted of Spanish items and expressionist works with choreography by Nina Verchinina, based on "Central European" modern technique. This was Joan's first contact with authentic Spanish dance and with a vigorous form of Modern Dance and she found in both a more vital medium for self-expression than ballet offered. She decided there and then to branch out into other dance fields.

Joan returned to London and with a partner formed a dance act based on spectacular *pas de deux* work. After appearances in Germany the two flew to Pakistan and India, where for seven months they danced with great success in the principal cities of Delhi, Karachi, Bombay and Calcutta.

While in India Joan accepted the offer to take part as leading dancer in a film made in Bombay in the Urdu tongue—called *Cross Roads* in English. Her performance, as a French apache dancer, brought her the distinction of being the first European dancer to appear in an Indian film.

Chosen by Michael Kidd

Back in London, she was one of 12 girls chosen out of 500 by American choreographer Michael Kidd for the Warner Bros. film musical *Where's Charlie*? Regarding Kidd as one of the most gifted and stimulating dance personalities she has met, Joan has high hopes of working with him again in another dance film.

Other dancing parts in films followed. Then she scored a hit as Columbine in the 1951 Victorian pantomime at the Players Theatre and, after a successful singing audition, took part as singer and dancer in performances of Victorian Music Hall at the Players. It was after a seven-months engagement as principal dancer in a Howard and Wyndham Summer Show in Edinburgh and Glasgow that Joan received the telephone SOS to join the cast of *The Boy Friend*.

Although she admits that there are naturally moments when an artist must guard against mechanical repetition, she has not become bored with her part, even after more than a thousand performances. Like the rest of *The Boy Friend* cast, she has a deep affection for this show, which opened modestly and later took London and New York by storm.

The continued long run of *The Boy Friend* has also given her time for her hobbies of riding and painting, as well as for singing lessons.

Next she would like a part in a film that would offer similar opportunities of acting, singing and dancing—but not, preferably, a tango!

ON-STAGE VAMP: Joan Gadsdon in the satirical Tango in The Boy Friend. *This dance was specially arranged by John Heawood for Joan and her partner Stephen Warwick.*
Photo: Feldman

So You Want to Dance

THIS series of articles is intended primarily for the general reader who is interested in how and where our dancers are trained. All the same, students should find much of interest for themselves. Teachers differ just as much as do pupils: some specialise in beginners and, in some cases, even give tuition to adults who have never previously studied ballet. Others refuse to take pupils unless they have already reached a high standard. In some studios fees are paid by the term, and although advanced students and professional dancers may attend single classes this is discouraged.

If students bear these remarks in mind and remember that their differences of temperament or standards may make it difficult to work in some studios, they should be able to find a teacher who will satisfy their requirements. A teacher who is ideal for one pupil may be quite the reverse for another.

Where Idzikowsky teaches

FROM time to time readers have written to ask where Idzikowski now teaches. For the past year he has been working in a large studio in St. Mary Abbots Hall in Vicarage Gate, Kensington. Private lessons may be arranged for 10 a.m., and general classes are held every weekday morning an hour later. You will find him waiting to greet you at the door, or perhaps he will be sprinkling water over the floor in preparation for the class.

He concentrates on more experienced students and professional dancers, but has made an exception in the case of 11-years-old Maina Gielgud, niece of Sir John and a pupil of exceptional promise.

Since the war he has given much attention to the problem of stamina, which, he feels, is lacking in English dancers, although the situation is better now than it has been. "A dancer," he says, "must be able to dance for the length of his music," and he has made the building up of reserves of strength one of his main tasks—in which he has been most successful. He has also been helping some of our leading British athletes by working out exercises which will improve their endurance.

Before he joined the Diaghilev Ballet at Lausanne in 1914 he studied at the Grand Theatre, Warsaw, under Gilert, Walczak, Berger and Kulesza, and while in the company with Cecchetti. Now he is a member of the committee of the Royal Academy of Dancing, and one of his duties is to assist with the preparation of technical *enchaînements*.

No article on Idzikowski would be complete without a mention of his distinguished colleague, his pianist, Madame Evina. She was also a member of the Diaghilev company and appeared in the original production of *La Boutique Fantasque*. In recent years she has produced *Carnaval* for Sadler's Wells and played the part of Berthe in International Ballet's production of *Giselle*.

It is not surprising that this celebrated teacher, who has himself helped to form part of ballet's tradition, should feel that the dancers of the "old school" make the best teachers today. His views on the development of dance may be briefly summarised by saying that he believes today's average dancer has a better technique than the dancer of 30 years ago, but that powers of expression and interpretation have greatly diminished.

Schools and Teachers
by E. C. MASON

In his studio, which is truly cosmopolitan, there is an atmosphere of hard work and enthusiasm. He is one of our most popular teachers and is quite genuinely loved and admired by his pupils. Many of these are dancers well-known on the Continent who attend his classes whenever they have the opportunity, and not a few are from as far afield as Australia and South Africa.

Over many years of hard-earned experience he has perfected his teaching methods, and now starts class with a "set" *barre*, which means that the various exercises follow each other in exactly the same patterns and order every morning. The centre practice, however, is continually changing, and never will you see the same class given twice.

Dancers as teachers

TWO new teachers who have been very well known for their work on the stage have joined the ballet staff of the Rambert School, which now combined general education with ballet training.

Although Madame Rambert will miss Mary Munro very much from the company, which she was forced to leave recently for health reasons, she has engaged her to take repertoire classes at the school. Having danced in almost every ballet the company presents and having also acted as ballet mistress, she is obviously well fitted for this type of work.

Eileen Ward, who was formerly with the Ballet Rambert and toured Australia with the company, later teaching at the studio for a year when the company returned to England, has rejoined the staff to take charge of junior classes. Prior to her appointment, she was teaching at the Elmhurst School at Camberley. Madame Rambert, who believes that Eileen Ward has a wonderful gift for teaching, has already been more than satisfied with results.

Teacher of To-day

CLEO NORDI

LIKE Idzikowski, Madame Nordi is a teacher who does not concern herself with either advertisements or examination syllabuses. Her belief is a sound one: that her pupils themselves are the best advertisements she could have, and that no one has ever been accepted by a ballet company because of the number of examinations passed.

Her studio, one of the largest and lightest in London, is at 48 Warwick Gardens, Kensington, and classes are held there on weekdays and Saturdays at 10 a.m. and at 11.30 there is a special class for advanced students. At 4 p.m. on weekdays she has a class intended mainly for boys, who, she believes, are often overlooked or neglected, and this class includes a centre *barre*.

She started her career in Russia where she studied with Nicholas Legat. Later she studied "free dance" in Germany, and also in Finland with a pupil of Isadora Duncan. In 1925 she made her début at the Paris Opéra, and a year later joined the Pavlova Company. The first ballet she appeared in was *Autumn Leaves*, and while on tour with this company for its last five years she took every possible opportunity to study the national dances of each country they visited. Pavlova herself liked her work because she was able to combine a classical technique with a *plastique* quality.

When I visited Madame Nordi in her studio she had with her an old notebook crammed full of Nicholas Legat's *enchaînements*. Her teaching is based on his methods, but imparted through her own interpretation. Other teachers have studied with Legat, but their classes may differ from hers according to the way in which they have transformed and interpreted his tuition.

She has a policy of bringing weaker dancers forward, encouraging them to lead and lose inferiority, gain confidence in their own capacities, in addition to discouraging them from copying others. For one of Legat's main precepts was that every dancer must think, and not merely perform automatically.

For three years she was teaching at the Sadler's Wells School and for one spring season gave classes to the whole Covent Garden company. Margot Fonteyn and Miskovitch are among those who have studied with her.

While she concentrates on older pupils, she will accept children if she believes them to show exceptional promise. One of her most talented students at the moment is 12-years-old Juliet Serurier. Moreover, another recent pupil, Wolfgang Leistner, has returned to Germany, where he has become recognised as one of the best male classical dancers. Last Easter Madame Nordi had an opportunity to assist Massine, and sent six of her dancers for the company he was forming in Gothenburg.

For those students who are unable to work regularly she makes allowances, and sees that those out of condition work themselves back into form slowly and carefully. Realising that students often find it impossible to pay by the term, she prefers them to pay by each individual class. Many teachers come to her classes, which are certainly some of the most interesting in London—as she is always anxious to explain why any step has to be executed in a particular manner.

Cleo Nordi is also one of our most lively, interesting and analytical speakers on dance. "My purpose," she says, "is to keep the true art of dance alive. I must ensure that the knowledge I have gained is passed on and does not die with me." Her views on contemporary ballet are similar to Idzikowski's. "In a materialist age with so much mechanism and precision in the world around us, we have acquired a new approach to dance and have become more interested in the form it takes, rather than in the life which must inspire it. If dance is to be a refined aspect of life, it must pulsate and spring from life itself."

NEW RECORDS
Reviewed by DAVID HUNT

Two Stravinsky Ballets

Stravinsky: *Apollo Musagetes*. *Renard*—A Burlesque. Suisse Romande Orchestra (Ernest Ansermet), with Michel Sénéchal (tenor), Hugues Cuenod (tenor), Heinz Rehfuss (baritone), Xavier Depraz (bass), Istvan Arato (cimbalum). Decca LXT5169. 12in. 39*s*. 7½*d*.

THESE two late-Diaghilev ballets show off Stravinsky's Picasso-like diversity of style and eclecticism to an extent that makes it seem scarcely credible that both works were written by the same composer.

Although neither was composed expressly for Diaghilev, both were first produced as ballets by his company—*Renard* in 1922, with choreography by Nijinska and later in a second version by Lifar which used a double cast of dancers and acrobats; *Apollo Musagetes* in 1928, with choreography by Balanchine. Lifar danced Apollo, and Danilova, Tchernicheva and Doubrovska were the Muses.

Renard, boisterous and brightly coloured music in which the songs put one in mind of a drunken version of the peasant wedding celebrations of the later *Les Noces*, marks a half-way stage between the dynamic, intensely theatrical Stravinsky of *The Firebird*, *Petrouchka* and *The Rite of Spring*, and the more deliberate and desiccated style, purged of all trace of emotional expression, that he was, alas, so soon to cultivate.

Although no such symbolism could have been intended at the time—for one thing, the story was added later—the birth of Apollo at the beginning of *Apollo Musagetes* also heralded the dawn of neo-classicism in Stravinsky's career—and in those of his disciples and imitators. It is limpid, serene and delicately scored music, owing something to the severe classicism of a Handel concerto grosso and more to the sinuous melodic grace of Tchaikovsky's Muse.

I find its beauty elusive—listened to in an unreceptive mood, the music can seem contrived and arid; but even when admitting the fascination of its exquisitely refined harmonies, I am constantly troubled by the thought that it was not Lully but Stravinsky whose taste improved, though his genius deserted him, as he grew older.

Ansermet is equally at home in the zany farmyard world of *Renard*, of which, incidentally, he conducted the first ballet performance, and in the more sophisticated, rarefied atmospheres of *Apollo*. The recording beautifully reproduces the fine playing and also, in *Renard*, the wittily inflected and spirited singing. Both scores are given complete.

Cats and flowers

Tchaikovsky: *The Nutcracker—Waltz of the Flowers*. Vienna Symphony Orchestra (Rudolf Moralt). *The Sleeping Beauty*—Waltz; *Pas de Caractère*. Vienna Symphony Orchestra (Willem van Otterloo). Philips EP (45) NBE11029. 11*s*. 10*d*.

THESE performances come from a larger, 12-inch helping of music from both ballets on NBL5005. The "*Sleeping Beauty* Waltz" is, of course, *the* waltz, alias the first-act *Garland Dance*.

The *Pas de Caractère* is that for Puss in Boots and the White Cat, in which Tchaikovsky so vividly carried out Petipa's request at this point for music which would express "The miaowings, mutual caressings and pattings with their paws. For the finale the scratchings and shriekings of the cats. At the beginning, amorous 3/4, but at the end quickening miaowings. The whole dance must not be too long." It is a two-minute feline apotheosis—small wonder that Tchaikovsky is the favourite composer of all cats!

APOLLO MUSAGETES: *Igor Youskevitch as Apollo, with Alicia Alonso, Nora Kaye and Barbara Fallis as the Muses, in Ballet Theatre's production of Balanchine's ballet to Stravinsky music.* *Photo: Roger Wood*

The orchestral playing under van Otterloo does not have quite the sparkle Moralt achieves in the *Waltz of the Flowers*; but the recording has been well managed, and the little disc should hardly fail to please.

Hindemith ballets

Hindemith: *Nobilissima Visione*—Suite. *Symphonic Metamorphoses on Themes by Weber*. Hamburg Philharmonic Orchestra (Joseph Keilberth). Telefunken LGX66055. 12in. 39*s*. 7¼*d*.

HINDEMITH'S music for Massine's *Nobilissima Visione*—or as the ballet was called in America, *Saint Francis*—has a lofty, austere beauty befitting its subject-matter. The composer's own suite from the music is a compelling and self-sufficient work that promises to outlive the ballet which, apart from revivals in Germany and Scandinavia, is nowadays rarely given.

The same composer's *Symphonic Metamorphoses on Themes of Weber*, although written for the concert hall, was turned into a ballet—Balanchine's *Metamorphoses* for New York City Ballet, still to be seen in this country.

Except for the mock-oriental scherzo, based on an anonymous Chinese tune used by Weber in his overture for Schiller's German version of Gozzi's *Turandot*, the themes are taken from Weber's piano duets. The *Symphonic Metamorphoses* is something of a brilliant and enormously diverting *jeu d'esprit* from a composer not usually given to lighter moods and makes the perfect foil and companion-piece for *Nobilissima Visione*.

The Hamburg Orchestra's keen and obviously carefully prepared performances have been well caught by the engineers. The soul-searing blaze of the brass in the exaltant final *Passacaglia* movement of *Nobilissima Visione* here achieves a clearer impact than on the Columbia recording by the Philharmonia under Klemperer which I wrote about last April.

Klemperer's performance, which was coupled with an excellent account of Brahms's *St. Anthony Variations*, had a more profound intensity than Keilberth here provides; while a performance by the Chicago Symphony Orchestra under Kubelik of the *Symphonic Metamorphoses* on an earlier HMV disc (coupled with Schönberg's *Five Orchestral Pieces*) was even more vividly reproduced than is this new one. But for those who want only the Hindemith works this Telefunken is clearly the record to go for.

Viennese nights

Johann Jnr. and Josef Strauss: Waltzes, Polkas, Marches and Czardas. Vienna State Opera Orchestra (Anton Paulik). Vanguard PVL7021. 12in. 39*s*. 7½*d*.

OF the seven items on this well-varied programme of dance music by the brothers Strauss, five are by Johann—the Czardas from *Ritter Pazmann*, *Artists' Life* Waltz, *Frisch ins Feld* March, *Wine, Women and Song* Waltz and *Morning Papers* Waltz, with Josef's *Jockey* Polka and *Aquarellen* Waltz more than holding their own.

Artists' Life and *Wine, Women and Song* are justly acclaimed masterpieces, though the lovely *Aquarellen* has more delicate overtones and the advantage of comparative unfamiliarity. Exuberant contrast is provided by the rousing march and polkas, while the czardas from *Ritter Pazmann*, not surprisingly, is very much a Viennese operetta version of that fiery Hungarian dance—Wiener Gulasch, say, rather than the real thing.

Although the playing is disciplined and spirited, I found the record less enjoyable than the previous Strauss "concert" by the same forces, reviewed last month.

Part of the reason is the faulty balance in an otherwise top-notch recording that overemphasises the percussion to a quite absurd degree. This is one of those cases were "High Fidelity" amounts to less than fidelity to the composer's intentions.

A more serious objection lies with Paulik's conducting, which on this showing would not seem to justify the description of him on the sleeve as "a past master of the subtle inflections and rhythmic shadings which imbue the Strauss literature with buoyant life." Of rubato, especially in the waltzes, there is the barest minimum and the tendency to a metronomic squareness in Paulik's beat is all the more curious in view of the fact that he has been first conductor at the Vienna Volksoper for 15 years.

Magical Granados

Granados: *Goyescas*, Book 1; *El Pelele*. Alicia de Larrocha (piano). Brunswick AXTL1080. 12in. 39*s*. 7½*d*.

BEFORE this record came for review the name of Alicia de Larrocha meant nothing to me, which made it all the more exciting to discover that she is clearly a pianist of remarkable sensitivity and brilliance. Her playing shows complete understanding and sympathy for Granados's highly personal lyricism, for the expression of which in his piano works he seems to have taken Chopin's keyboard idiom as his model, though employing folk rhythms and harmonies to lend his music its predominant Spanish colouring.

Not only does de Larrocha succeed in bringing out all the delicate poetic nuances of each piece—as Amparo Iturbi did not on her record of the complete *Goyescas*, reviewed last month—but her performance in every way is the finest I have ever heard of these particular *Goyescas* pieces.

The clear, warm-toned recording does nothing to detract from the lasting pleasure to be had from such wonderful playing.

Those Awful Opera-Ballets

by DAVID HUNT

THIS year's Glyndebourne opera festival prompted some unfavourable comment in the Press about what *The Times* called "that awful Glyndebourne ballet."

Although unfair to the dancers, who would be an asset to any opera *corps*, the criticisms of the ballet sequences in *Idomeneo* were justified —not because Pauline Grant's choreography was in any way inferior to what we are usually given in opera productions, but because Glyndebourne's staging of Mozart aims at—and approaches—perfection, so that any incongruity of style or lapse of taste consequently stands out in painful relief.

The whole problem of what to do with the ballets in certain operas is a complex one, in some cases giving rise to difficulties that need a different solution in every generation—and even then not everyone is ever likely to be satisfied. Changes in fashion and the fluctuating popularity of ballet with opera audiences can make what seemed diverting and appropriate a season ago, today mannered and pretentious.

The 19th century, and Paris audiences in particular, positively demanded the intrusion of *pointe* ballets in operas, no matter how incongruously they might interrupt the action —Berlioz's orchestration of *Invitation to the Waltz*, for instance, was commissioned for a *ballet blanc* inserted into the first French production of Weber's *Der Freischütz*. Although this attitude still lingers on among audiences, with Paris continuing to give the lead for the "chic" approach to opera-ballets, there are signs that the public is beginning to realise the need for an overall stylistic and dramatic unity in opera production.

More ballet than opera

But we are unfortunately still far from the day when a choreographer will cheerfully provide the simple but apt movement required in certain works without fear that he will be accused by the dance-initiated of being uninventive or lacking in choreographic talent. Too often one is left with the feeling that the choreographer in opera is more concerned with justifying himself in the eyes of the ballet people than with co-operating with the producer to provide what is right and convincing for the work in hand.

I sometimes wonder whether choreographers ever stop to think, before unleashing all their high-powered machinery of *ballonnés* and *pirouettes*, that opera-ballets fall into one of two main categories, each of which requires an entirely different approach.

The first, which presents comparatively few production problems, is when the stage is invaded by dancers representing dancers whose job and joy it is to dance—when the story calls for some kind of undisguised ballet divertissement, such as in *Die Fledermaus* where the "Ballet from the Opera" entertains the ball guests.

The second and far more troublesome type of ballet in opera is when the composer asks for dancing as a logical extension of the dramatic environment or action. In these cases dancers are mostly called in to perform national or court dances because singers are rarely also proficient dancers. Then the dancers are "planted" among the chorus, standing out conspicuously as so many slimmer and prettier peasants or courtiers who never open their mouths in song, but are always on the alert to extricate themselves from their less agile colleagues at the drop of a dancing hat.

And how well we know that when their moment arrives, in nine cases out of ten they will not perform a simple *pas* suited to the presumed dancing abilities of the characters they are meant to be portraying, but an elaborate production number overloaded with all the latest gimmicks and clichés of classical ballet.

Some years ago when Covent Garden put on its marvellous production of Balfe's underrated *The Bohemian Girl*, one of the most satisfying aspects was Pauline Grant's choreography. These excellent and atmospheric dances led me to hope that here at last was a choreographer who had the secret and the skill to make opera-ballets flower naturally from the dramatic context, so that there was no noticeably sharp division on stage between non-singing dancers and non-dancing singers.

Problems in Mozart

Since that time Pauline Grant has given proof of her taste and considerable choreographic talent in ballets for a great many musicals, in which the problems are very much the same as those confronting the creator of opera-ballets —the musical, after all, is really only a modern debased form of opera. Her dances for *Summer Song*, about which I wrote in the May issue, were the most recent demonstration of her ability to provide exactly what is needed in the way of light and colourful dance relief which integrates the dancers into the dramatic framework.

But the three Mozart operas for which she has provided the choreography at Glyndebourne—*Idomeneo*, *The Marriage of Figaro* and *Don Giovanni*—pose different and trickier problems; and only in the case of *Don Giovanni* could it be said that she has succeeded.

Idomeneo is nowadays regarded as the crown of baroque *opera seria*, a form of 18th-century opera based on heroic mythological or historical subjects and which was already outmoded by the time Mozart came to write it in 1780.

In those days it was customary for a separate ballet to be included in the bill with an opera, or for interpolated dances to be composed by hack musicians. In a passage in a letter to his father which shows his integrity as an artist, Mozart wrote: ". . . as there is no extra ballet, but only an appropriate divertissement in the opera, I have the honour of composing the music for that as well; but I am glad of it, for now all the music will be by the same composer." But the ballet makes *Idomeneo* too long and Glyndebourne follows Mozart's precedent, when he later revived the opera in Vienna, in omitting the divertissement.

Wrong style of movement

The ballets to which *The Times* music critic objected take the form of completely superfluous dances performed during three of the choruses, in which, wearing magnificent baroque costumes by Oliver Messel, the eight dancers—Silvia Ashmole, Ann Edgar, Dorothy Fraser, Margaret Pollen, Margaret Thole, Sally Williams, Harry Cordwell, Peter Scott and Frederick Navarre—execute stylised "Greek" movements. This *après L'Après-midi d'un Faune* or Ruby Ginner type of movement is entirely wrong and represents one of Pauline Grant's rare serious errors of artistic judgment.

It is true that *Idomeneo* has an ancient Greek, or rather Cretan, setting; but it remains a baroque opera, free from any suggestion of historically authentic local colour. If dancing were called for at all—and with the ballet music omitted, Carl Ebert, Glyndebourne's masterly producer, should have realised that none was needed—high heels and restrained elegance à la Vestris would have been more in the style and spirit of the piece than are these over-athletic cavortings based on an essentially 20th-century idea of the classical Greek dance.

When we come to *The Marriage of Figaro*, however, we find Mozart calling on the dance to provide the only suggestion of local colour in the opera—the Fandango in the third act is the only musical indication that the story is set in Spain. Pauline Grant treats this dance as a *pas de quatre* for three girls and a boy (Margaret Pollen, Silvia Ashmole, Sally Williams and Harry Cordwell) and her choreography, which is in the best "ballet Spanish" manner, strikes an appropriate balance between authentic Spanish movement and period elegance.

But, as in every production of the opera I have seen, the staging of this dance does not carry out what I am convinced were Mozart's intentions at this point. This Fandango is primarily meant to serve as a background for conversation—or its operatic equivalent. The Count furtively opens the note passed to him by Susanna and, observed by Figaro, pricks his finger with the pin with which it is sealed. This important dramatic moment is missed if attention is focussed on the dancers—as it always must be if the Fandango is treated as a "ballet highlight" and allowed to hold the centre of the stage.

In my opinion the dance should begin downstage and after the opening measures unobtrusively move further back, leaving the audience to concentrate on the dramatic by-play. Or better still, perhaps, the chorus might be instructed to perform some simple Spanish steps —there is nothing in the libretto to indicate that "professional" dancers were called in for the occasion—and the fact that the local retainers could show themselves familiar with a form of Spanish dance would also have the effect of making this suggestion of Spanish environment doubly convincing.

Operatic use of dance

In any case, the dance should not intrude and I am rather surprised that Carl Ebert should not have broken with so-called tradition at this point and persuaded his choreographer that here is a case where the dance is indeed the hand-maiden of opera and that the choreography must be completely subservient to dramatic clarity.

In *Don Giovanni* Mozart again uses dance as an inherent aspect of the drama; in fact, no opera composer before or since has so brilliantly exploited the possibilities of dancing as an integral part of the action as Mozart has done in the famous first-act Minuet.

In a miraculous *tour de force* of rhythmically contrapuntal writing, Mozart employs three separate stage orchestras to provide accompaniment for three simultaneous dances—a minuet in 3/4 time, a contredanse in 2/4 and a German dance in 3/8. As well as supplying the aristocratic and rustic guests with dance music appropriate to their station, this also has the effect of isolating Masetto, whom Leporello is forcing to join him in the German dance, from Zerlina, who is dancing the contredanse with Don Giovanni. Masetto is thus prevented by the different rhythm of his dance from rescuing his sweetheart from the clutches of the lecherous Don.

Pauline Grant has wisely concentrated here on clearly defining the three groups of dancers and although it would be possible to quibble with certain details, this dance at least gives evidence of an awareness of the choreographer's role in opera.

And that, in these days, is something to be grateful for.

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET

CinemaScope presentation

IT is a pity that the company which is the only British company to have "London" as part of its title should possibly always be seen to its worst advantage in the capital. London's Festival Ballet has found its fame and favour in the vast concert hall on the south bank of the Thames, but Londoners can never see it at its best in this environment. Nevertheless, it must be very gratifying to the company to play to around 3,000 people nightly and there is no doubt that this alone must help considerably towards keeping the company's head above water during the less opulent periods of the year.

As the last time I saw the company was in the beautiful Théâtre de Monte-Carlo, it came as rather a surprise to see what a difference this concert hall presentation made. There was nothing much wrong with the dancing, but the shallow stage of the Royal Festival Hall with its CinemaScope width does something unfortunate to the ballets and somehow gives them a look of impermanence.

Fokine's *Les Sylphides*, with which the season opened on July 11, seemed to go at a rather sluggish pace, though it should be remembered that a vast auditorium tends to over-emphasise slower *tempi*. Emphasis in the other direction would be more satisfactory.

The *corps de ballet* seem to have got the right mood of Fokine's romantic reverie—no doubt owing to the work put in by Lubov Tchernicheva. Their arms are good and any heaviness was no doubt due more to the *tempi* than anything else. Anita Landa danced a nice *Valse* and Kenneth Melville looked appropriately romantic as the Poet, but it was Janet Overton in the *Prelude* who seemed most to have understood the real atmosphere of the ballet. She has a beautiful soft lyrical line.

Marilyn Burr in the *Mazurka* and *Valse Brillante* was not quite right; lyricism does not come easily to her. She should put in a lot of work on this aspect of her art, because in other works she has shown an unusual glitter and brilliance.

Homage without the occasion

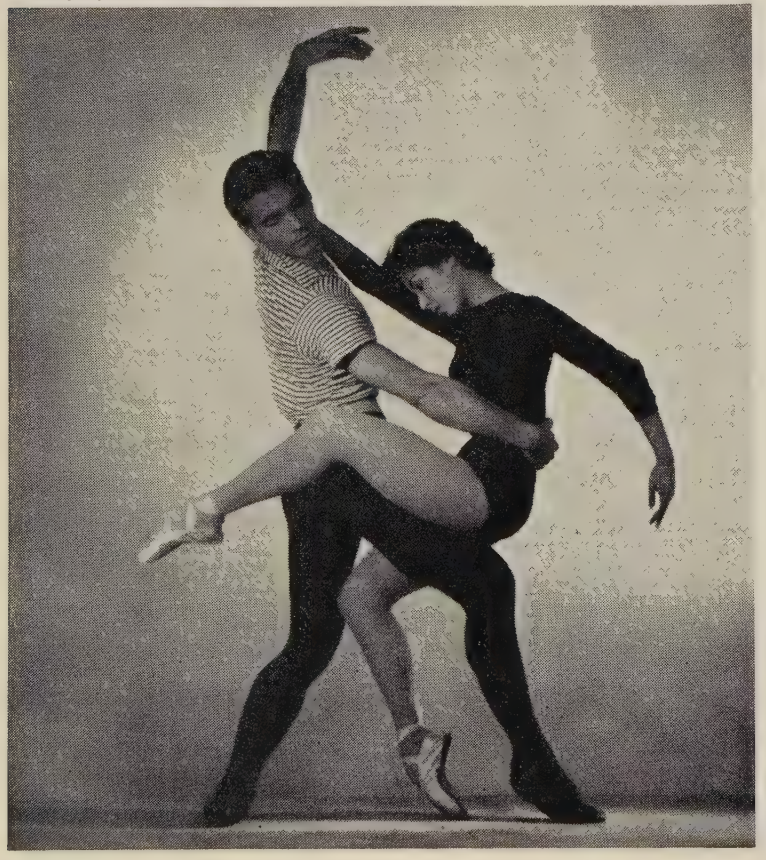
Homage to a Princess was created by Michael Charnley for the Rainier wedding in Monte Carlo and away from that place and occasion it does not show up so well. Somehow the dancers do not seem to have much room in which to move, and the lighting on Levasseur's costumes, the first sight of which has always provoked applause elsewhere, did little to enhance them—the bright theatrical Monagasque red looked very dull. I also missed the clear blue of the sky with its slight suggestion of clouds—the clear air had become rather misty.

Further acquaintance with this work has not altered my opinion (the work was reviewed in full in the June issue of DANCE AND DANCERS), and I find that although Charnley has done some mature work, the ballet as a whole does not hang together in the way it should. There is a feeling that it was put on in a hurry, which indeed it was, and that not enough thought has been spent on realising the moods of Kenton's music. The first movement remains easily the best, and there is still no doubt that Anita Landa dominates the whole. The third movement—a *pas de deux* for Gilpin and Wright—has been shortened where complete reconstruction is needed. The *corps de ballet* was mainly ragged, though certain people—Godfrey, Emblen and Kovel in particular—show by their very finished dancing just how the ballet could look if everyone followed their example. At the first London performances, Jeanette Minty danced the principal role originally created by Marilyn Burr. She danced well and physically was more suited to it than Burr, though she failed to project in quite the same way. The orchestration still gives little idea of the theatrical excitement that the score creates when played by Stan Kenton's own orchestra on records. In fact, much of it sounds like *Softly as in a Morning Sunrise* from Sigmund Romberg's *The New Moon*, a splendid number in the operetta we saw at Drury Lane but not, I am certain, what Kenton intended here.

Masterly simplicity

All adverse comment about the raggedness of the *corps de ballet* in the Charnley-Kenton ballet is immediately dispelled from the moment the curtain rises on Harald Lander's *Etudes*. This is a work I never tire of watching, and the masterly simplicity with which the company run the gamut of dancing from *barre* to performance is a lesson in theatre craft and the choreographer's art upon which others might well ponder. Markova once said that Diaghilev told her that everything should be simple in the theatre, and here I feel is a ballet which, in spite of its lack of decor and obviously designed

OPERA TO SOUTH BANK: Josette Clavier, formerly a member of the Paris Opéra, with Jean-Pierre Alban in a pas de deux *by Victor Gsovsky. Both are recent recruits to Festival Ballet, who are assembling a strong international company but with the accent still on British dancers. Photo: Rama*



DANE FAR FROM DENMARK: Flemming Flindt, a product of the Royal Danish Ballet and now a principal dancer in Festival Ballet, in Lander's Etudes. *He has proved a valuable asset to the English company. Photos: H. J. Mydtskov*

BALLET HIGHLIGHTS: Nadia Nerina and Alexis Rassine in L'Après-midi d'un Faune, *one of the numbers they gave during their recent concert tour of British provincial cities. A review of their visit to Oxford appears on page* 35.

NEW MACMILLAN: Nerina and Rassine rehearsing a new pas de deux, Fireworks, *created specially for their tour by Kenneth MacMillan to Stravinsky's music of the same name. Photo: P. A-Reuter*

costume, the great man might possibly have approved of. It is a good ballet for the company to dance, in that they obviously enjoy doing it, and that perfection is the first essential —nobody can cheat throughout its 50 minutes length. Apart from that, the public rightly adores it.

Toni Lander here displays superb technical perfection and romantic understanding. As her cavaliers, John Gilpin and Flemming Flindt are perfectly matched. Gilpin's *pirouettes*, specially when *en attitude*, are the pride of British ballet; Flindt's *batterie*, elevation and dramatic triple *tour en l'air* at the end of the ballet are all that I expect from a dancer bought up in the school of the Royal Danish Ballet. When Flindt learns to smile less (smiles in a dancer's performance should be eliminated and used like commas in a writer's prose), he will be as great a dance ambassador for his country as are Toni Lander and Erik Bruhn. Anton Dolin again danced the role of the cavalier in the romantic episode, his leaps and figure befitting somebody less than half his age. **P.W.**

Hotch-potch in the lake

BY any reckoning a programme that is made up of the second act of *Swan Lake* and a complete production of *The Nutcracker* must be accounted popular. One can easily look askance at the programme's unadventurousness and lack of balance, but such works are the stuff of survival to Festival Ballet, which possesses no public or private subsidy.

Swan Lake as presented by Festival Ballet is now something of a hotch-potch. The inclusion of a version of the first-act *pas de trois* sometimes together with a variation for Siegfried, while providing value for box-office money, seriously disturbs the ballet's narrative and reduces the importance of Odette.

During the second week of the season Odette had three interpreters, Marilyn Burr, Belinda Wright and Toni Lander. Burr's Odette is not yet as good as her earlier performances promised to become. There was nothing very swan-like or queenly in her portrayal, and her dancing lacked much individuality. She was soundly partnered by Dolin, whose Siegfried was as admirable as ever, even though his vigorous acting sometimes seems exaggerated in comparison with the possibly mistaken contemporary ideal of reticence.

Belinda Wright is, perhaps, still at heart a soubrette dancer, but her range has widened with experience, and her Odette was assured and creditable. Gilpin partnered her with an elegance that at times tended towards the careless.

Possibly the most interesting of the Odettes was Toni Lander, whose improvement in this role over the past two years has been remarkable. The somewhat cold radiance of her dancing was well-fitted to Odette, and the filigree perfection of her technique makes her every performance rewarding.

She was partnered by Flemming Flindt, who was giving his first performance of Siegfried in London. He partnered confidently, although his lifting was not as easy as it doubtless will become. He danced his irrelevant variation with attractive brio.

The *pas de trois* was danced by the personable Benno, Michael Hogan, together with either Anita Landa and Dianne Richards, or Jeannette Minty and Joyce Lyndon. The choreography for this number, which omits the second girl's variation, differs considerably from the familiar Sergueeff version, and was, on the whole, danced with more gusto than style.

A simplified Nutcracker

THE *Nutcracker*, which returned to the repertoire during the second week of the season, is enjoying a new lease of life—heaven alone, and Festival Hall's particular audience, must know why. It is really a very unsatisfactory ballet and, if history is not a lying jade, always has been. Some of Tchaikovsky's music is wonderful but there are moments when the score plumbs incredible depths of banality. However Tchaikovsky and "House Full" boards are synonymous these days and Festival Ballet have made a new attempt at making the best of a bad job—not easy on a stage where the magic, essential to this kind of fairy tale, is almost impossible.

The opening scene at the party remains much as before, but the Kingdom of Snow and the Kingdom of Sweets scenes have been stripped of everything but a few essentials and the work as a whole has gained immeasurably. The costumes are of the simplest—white for snowflakes and pink for sweets—and little attempt has been made to make the last scene look "sweety." Obviously Festival Ballet are realising the limitations of their London home.

At the first performance, Toni Lander and Flemming Flindt danced in the Snowflakes scene. Last time I saw this Danish pair dancing this same scene in Monte Carlo they had not got the hang of it at all. Now, what they do adds up to a most distinguished piece of dancing. Lander now has the regality of an Ivanov-Petipa dancer and she has gained in authority and style; technically she always had what it takes.

For one so young, Flindt has remarkable princely bearing and that flashing smile, which previously tended to mar his performance, is now used in the right places. He has all the qualities that go to make a great dancer —he flies through the air, turns well, beats beautifully, has a splendid figure and a pair of the best male dancer's legs in the business. Whether he will eventually match all this as an interpretative artist the next few years will show, but the odds are all in his favour. It

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is indeed remarkable how he has developed in the few months he has been with the company.

Belinda Wright and John Gilpin were both a little below par in the Sweets scene on the first night, which still meant that they were better than most. At subsequent performances they had regained all their usual stature.

P.W.

Cast changes

DURING the week *The Nutcracker* also showed considerable variation in its casting. Apart from the first performance, Marilyn Burr was seen on different occasions in both acts, as were Belinda Wright, John Gilpin and Flemming Flindt. Kenneth Melville partnered Burr in the first act on the Saturday matinée.

Burr's dancing in this ballet was preferable to her Odette, frequently showing considerable verve and brilliance, particularly in the coda to the last-act *pas de deux*. Flindt is learning to project his personality far more effectively. His dancing still lacks ultimate assurance, but this is compensated for by the air of youthful eagerness he brings to all his work.

Wright and Gilpin are by now old hands at *The Nutcracker*. At its best, Wright's dancing is delicate and strong like the mechanism of a watch, and although she varied during the week, at least one performance of the Sugar Plum Fairy was excellent. All her turns, particularly supported *pirouettes*, are unusually clean and fluent.

This season Gilpin has shown a new maturity, and now brings an air of distinction to everything he does. The version of the second-act *pas de deux* he danced was, however, less effective choreographically than that given by Flindt. And must Gilpin end every classical variation with a *pirouette à la seconde*? This is becoming as much a trade mark with him as s-l-o-w pirouettes once were with Eglevsky.

Clive Barnes

SOVIET ARMY ENSEMBLE

IN the previous Soviet company—the Moiseyev Ensemble—which appeared in the Empress Hall last winter, any singing was incidental to the dancing. With the Soviet Army group, which opened there on June 28 for a season of two months, the dancing was incidental to the singing.

The songs, sung by a number of soloists and a faultless choir, consisted mainly of Russian and English folk-songs. The Russians had to teach most of us that *Tipperary* had an interminable number of verses. Frankly I could have done with less of *Oh, No! John!*, *Loch Lomond* and a Scottish drinking song, and would have liked to hear more of the very stirring Russian numbers, but I suppose it was a charming friendly gesture to us which the Empress Hall audience appeared to appreciate greatly.

In each of the two halves of the programme there were a couple of danced items which were given with all the verve and exciting precision we have come to take for granted with anything from the Soviet Union. Naturally each number consisted of endless "cobblers," leaping and top-spinning males. The four numbers were quite well arranged, though I missed the ingenuity with which Igor Moiseyev managed to invest each number in his company's programme.

Except for *Friendship*, a dance linking Russia with the Ukraine, the dances were given in Red Army uniform, though the group of girls wore the usual type of Soviet shortened night-dress. I would have preferred to see them also in uniform as presumably they, too, are officially attached to the armed forces. In *Friendship*, a not very happy attempt was made at national costume. As these companies from Russia must make a certain amount of money, and if they don't they must get a fairly substantial grant from the State, it seems a pity that richer materials cannot be used. The all-over effect is one of skimping; anyway, with a certain amount of ingenuity, even the humblest material can be made to look most opulent on the stage.

Nevertheless, this number together with *Joking Dance*, *Soldiers' Dance* and *Russian Cavalry Dance* made a spirited contrast to the massed choir, who were ranged across the back of the stage throughout the performance. **P.W.**

GOOD COMPANIONS: Paddy Stone, Janet Scott and Irving Davies in one of the several musical numbers from the new film version of J. B. Priestley's The Good Companions. *After having appeared on Broadway in the Joyce Grenfell revue, Stone and Davies are now back in England dancing on television and in films. Stone also has an acting part in this new picture as Joyce Grenfell's husband.*
Photo: Associated British Films

BALLET HIGHLIGHTS

Nadia Nerina and Alexis Rassine at the New Theatre, Oxford.

I RATHER wonder whether this type of ballet concert programme of *pas de deux* and solos is a good idea. The fact that this one, comprised of interesting new works and dances assembled from ballet's rich repertoire, was very well danced by two distinguished dancers is the best argument in favour of this particular case.

Coming to the reservations, I feel that it imposes too great a strain on the artists themselves and a slight touch of monotony on the audience. The fact that some members of the audience read the publicity carelessly and arrive expecting to see two principals backed by full *corps* and orchestra is not the fault of the dancers, however. Nevertheless, this did happen in the case of the elderly lady sitting next to me. I think one is also permitted to raise an eyebrow at the use of two pianos. This seems to be a backward step in ballet presentation, and although it was only on rare occasions that Rassine landed rather heavily in *variations*, they failed to disguise the noise.

By far the most interesting item was Kenneth MacMillan's new *pas de deux*, *Fireworks*, to music by Stravinsky. In this Nerina was absolutely outstanding, and there can be few dancers who suit his style of choreography so well. It was composed rather in the manner of some of the solos from *Noctambules*—quick, shooting, flamboyant movements suggesting a display of fireworks. Within its modest size and ambition it approached perfection, and one cannot help wondering whether it was devised with a view to displaying Nerina's special talents. Rassine, in a costume reminiscent of those of the Dragon-flies in Charnley's *Alice in Wonderland*, matched her attack and speed, but lacked her sharpness and precision. Nevertheless, his was a good performance, and he partnered particularly well.

We all know how suited Nerina is to Swanilda's *variation* from *Coppélia*, and this performance of delicate grace and vivacity was no exception. Rassine did not seem completely happy in his *variation*, which was rather breathless, and his face tended to show signs of strain. But in the *grand pas de deux* which followed he partnered her faultlessly, and followed her line elegantly.

Romantic changes

When Ashton composed his *pas de deux*, *The Beloved*, he was not in his best form. It reminded one very much of young men being inspired by visions of ideal love from other ballets such as *La Sylphide* or *Symphonie Fantastique*. The opening scenes lack inspiration and failed to give Rassine enough to do, save scribble with a quill in a mood of impatient romantic agony until his vision appeared. In a *pas de deux* of this type, completely divorced from any ballet to give it perspective, we invariably expect dramatic tensions to be slight and emotional range narrow.

Although it improved with Nerina's entrance, and a number of lifts were unusual and ingenious, neither they nor any other part of the ballet seemed to be in perfect harmony with Liszt's music. Its musical quality was derived from the mood set by the composer, rather than

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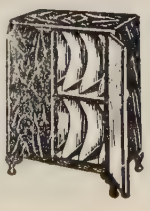

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from the more obvious suggestions of his score. In spite of these criticisms, it was a *pas de deux* of above average standard, but just not Ashton in his most inventive frame of mind.

I liked their performance of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, which, apart from the absence of the supporting nymphs, was revived with respect for Nijinsky's choreography. Its narrative was allowed to develop and proceed at a beautifully sustained pace. As the two-dimensional Nymph, Nerina's interpretation was excellent; restrained, stylised but never realistic. Rassine as the Faun revealed a sure grasp of the part's rather obsolete style, although his was a romantic, poetic type of faun, lacking animal spirits.

To think that a work which once split Paris in two now appears to be a ballet of infinite tact! The erotic content seems to have acquired a dreamlike quality even at its climax when, as the programme note informed me, "he picks up her scarf and visualises her beauty."

Nerina in Pavlova's solo

In *Le Cygne*, which is a masterpiece in its simplicity and sensitivity, Nerina, by a delicately finished performance, revealed that she was just as much at home as in her more brilliant bravura solos. She displayed a complete technical mastery of the role and did not, as sometimes occurs with other interpreters, move her arms excessively as if performing some kind of Oriental dance. The only criticism that can be made is one of expression, for, as yet, she does not—as Pavlova is reported to have done—speak through her eyes to the soul.

Also presented were a *Bolero Variation* by Rassine with choreography by Brunelleschi, and the *grand pas de deux* and two solos from the second act of *Le Lac des Cygnes*. Special praise must be given to the pianists, Cyril Preedy and Colin Kingsley, for their attention and devotion to the performers, and to Olive Cranmer for immaculate costumes of good taste. To give this programme in smaller towns which have no opportunity of seeing a full company would, however, do more than justify such a recital, in addition to performing a very valuable service to ballet itself.

E. C. Mason

BRITISH DANCE THEATRE

at Toynbee Hall, London, on July 1

THE programme of this group sets out its aims as the presentation of ballets which are cultural, educational, colourful, artistic, exciting and even entertaining. These were, indeed, the qualities which were signally lacking in the performance I witnessed. I would have liked to have been able to report that some of the aims were fulfilled because I have no doubt whatever that the artists are all very sincere and have the highest and most elevated motives.

Their art is more what we would term Modern Dance, but as they referred to it as ballet, it is valid to judge it by ballet standards. Their technique is fragmentary and they have virtually no control. They possess little turn-out and their line is bad in their countless *arabesques*. Two of the dancers, Molly Kenny and Timothy Haxt, however, showed promise of something better, but then they seemed to be the only artists in the company who did not display physical peculiarities.

Hettie Loman has a flair for selecting appropriate music and a distinct talent for pleasing patterns, but as the repertoire of steps used is so very limited, the effects her groupings make are quickly cancelled out. Her rather macabre ballet, *The Letter*, came closest to approaching the standards set, but lapses of attention to detail continually dispelled any atmosphere created. The sight of the Lady Anne trying to recline on what appeared to be a kitchen chair temporarily covered with red fabric was almost too much for me.

The costumes were tawdry and "bought" rather than designed, while the sets were too makeshift to be tolerated. Wilfred Blunden, however, managed to achieve some good lighting effects. One can forgive a company for having limited resources, but not for showing so complete a disregard for artistic standards of presentation.

E. C. Mason

DANCE RECITALS

THE SIGURD LEEDER STUDIO GROUP

IF we try to answer why this type of dance activity is no longer flourishing, we will land ourselves in difficulties we had never thought of. However, one would imagine that the present day would offer the best possible conditions for creative dance. In other art fields the cry of materialism and mass-media in the world around us is used as an apology or stimulus for experimentation; for the freedom to be individual in new directions, or for the individual trying to preserve his personality in an unfree world. An yet no one seems to be trying to be very creative in the department of modern creative dance.

Sigurd Leeder is one of our leading exponents and in his studio it grows on its own, but exhibits some robust qualities. Last year his recital included more variety. This year his roster of male dancers is distressingly low. However, Hernán Baldrich, who looks like a very young Babilée, is very promising material. His solo, *Faun*, displayed his alert and plastic movements to their greatest advantage. His second solo, *Canción Triste*, was too feminine in style. The most polished performer is Ludmilla Mlada, with controlled movement, a feeling of strength, and a face serenely composed and radiant with a private animation. Her solo, *Before the Bal*', was particularly delightful, as was Pola Gobinska's *Sugar Dream*. Other talented and promising performers were Joan Cox, Eileen Cropley and Janice Ingles.

Taken as a whole, the dancers exhibit remarkable control of face, graceful arm movements, and *plastique* from the waist upwards. Unfortunately, the legs tend to lack control and the feet are generally untidy. The experiment in *musique concrète* could hardly be called satisfactory; the sounds were poorly selected and assembled in an amateurish fashion.

E. C. Mason

GISELLE AS A PLAY

THIS play, presented by the Mountview Theatre Club, in by the authors of the successful *Dark of the Moon* and is written in the same style. Giselle may be called "Barbara Allen," the Wilis "Witch Women," and the action transferred to South Carolina—for the treatment is the same. It is termed a dance drama, and almost an entire act is devoted to ballet and mime. In this case the dances were tastefully arranged by Valerie Deakin, fairly simple in composition, but nevertheless too difficult for Mollie Webb as Giselle, who, I presume, was the only person available who could both dance and act just well enough to have a chance of succeeding in the role.

Many ballets have been taken from literary sources, but this must surely be the first instance of a ballet directly inspiring a play. Actually, this production was not the first time *Giselle* was turned into a play—a spoken version of the ballet was given in London in 1841, several months after the Paris première of *Giselle*. One of the reasons why *Giselle* has lasted is because it is such a perfectly balanced ballet. That does not, however, guarantee that it will make a well-constructed play. While it is interesting to see Albrecht treated as the villain, all the absurdities in its plot added to the supernatural and hick-bumpkin type of characters which the authors have provided, plus a revivalist meeting and glimpses into the future, became too much of a strain on the audience's credulity.

It was well staged, carefully produced and nicely decorated, but the actors were neither forceful enough on the dramatic side, nor sure enough when forced to dance to the impossible music, to give the play conviction. Some of the mime passages were very well done, and the lighting was excellent.

E. C. Mason

TELEVISION

SOVIET ARMY DANCERS

Given on BBC Television on July 1
Presented by Christian Simpson

FOR a large section of ballet-goers it seems that, second only to Antonio, it is Soviet folk-dance which arouses their greatest admiration. Whether they will transfer this admiration to Russian classical ballet we will not know until October.

Only two dances were given. First came a folk-dance called *Friendship*, which had a political argument to it. It symbolised the Russian and Ukrainian peoples dancing into harmony, whereas what they are really doing is dancing their individual folk-dance heritages into one super-colossal whole. The other was termed a *Soldiers' Dance*, but happened to be a folk-dance suite performed in military uniforms. The breathtaking speed it moved at rather limited its range, and before each dancer had finished his particular speciality to return to his line of the *corps*, another had taken his place in the centre.

Because of Moiseyev's comments last year, few of us are likely to fall into the trap and imagine that these are typical popular dances. What they are is a medley of folk-dances that have been modified, broadened and speeded-up out of all proportions to make them suitable for large stage presentations.

However, while they were exhilarating for their enthusiasm, pace and precision, they were not remarkable for their grace. Some unusual feats of elevation were exhibited, and nobody could complain about the speed of the spins (they can hardly be termed *pirouettes* in our sense of this term), or the feats which Russian knees are subjected to. The footwork was varied, emphasised by the usual heel beats and punctuated by slaps of the knee.

Each over-drilled performer will probably receive two additional decorations—one for services to the Soviet in Empress Hall and another for appearing on BBC Television, which is as good a reason for getting a medal as some of ours, I suppose. The television direction could be called no more than adequate, and the cameras were prudently stationed well away from the danger area on stage.

BALLET RAMBERT

Presented on BBC Television on July 15. Designer, Audley Southcott. The BBC Concert Orchestra conducted by Vilem Tausky. Produced by Christian Simpson.

NOREEN SOPWITH, JOHN CHESWORTH, GILLIAN MARTLEW

OF late the Ballet Rambert has so often supplied a *corps de ballet* background for guest dancers; often celebrities uncomfortably foreign to each other. And it is a very great advantage, indeed, to have this company when the classics are presented on television, but surely there are many ballets in the Rambert repertoire which are good enough to be presented in a programme of their own.

On this occasion they appeared in a programme which was a *pot-pourri* of singing,

dancing and orchestral playing. The dances consisted of the *Playful Pizzicato* from *Simple Symphony*, *Death and the Maiden*, and excerpts from *Czernyana*.

The dancers suffered acutely from lack of space, being either surrounded by musicians as in *Simple Symphony*, or hemmed in by scenery and props as in *Czernyana*. Because it had the unusual privilege of receiving undivided attention from the cameras, *Death and the Maiden* came over beautifully. In an austere setting of simple columns, darkly lit, Noreen Sopwith, well partnered by John Chesworth, gave a compellingly moving performance.

One would have imagined that the *Pizzicato* from *Simple Symphony*, with its confined geometrical patterns and subtle humour, would have required little special camera direction. However, the cameras wandered everywhere, closing in to stare at the faces or fingers of musicians during the ballet's most colourful moments.

One suspects that television producers do not regard ballet as entertainment—it is frequently reserved for solemn occasions and presented just before *Time for Prayers* on Sundays. I am sure that many viewers would like to know why ballet in even this omnibus type of programme cannot be given free from interruption The attitude seems to be that not too much dancing should be given without some form of break, and that the faces of 'cellists and the fingers of pianists provide admirable relief.

AUSTRALIA

AFTER what must be surely a record number of performances without a break—two and half years—the Borovansky Ballet has disbanded for a six months rest. However, many Australians are concerned that this "rest" may be of indefinite length because of the recent illness of Edouard Borovansky.

The season finished in Melbourne with a revival of *Carnaval* and Lichine's new full-length production of *Casse Noisette*, in which Peggy Sager and Royes Fernandez gave outstanding performances. There is no doubt whatever that the company could have continued its performances for some considerable time. However, the real enemy to ballet in this country is a shortage of suitable theatres, and in this case it has to make way for, of all phenomena, the English D'Oyly Carte Company.

Australia has been a home for ballet since the days of the Ballets Russes and now could be the time for a company of international repute to make a profitable journey of 6,000 miles.

The most awaited event at the moment is the coming of television. With this in mind, Paul Hammond, who is the RAD Organiser for Victoria, and one of the most prominent teachers in the country, has opened a television ballet school. This will be fully fitted with the most modern cameras and equipment, and dancers will work under actual telecasting conditions. Surely this must be the only ballet school of its kind! **Edward Segmund**

COVER STORIES

This month's front cover, specially taken by Derek Allen, is of Elaine Fifield in the principal role of Rodrigues' *The Miraculous Mandarin*, which will be first seen at the Edinburgh Festival on August 27 and later in London on Sept. 5.

FIFIELD was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1930. While at the Frances Scully School she won an overseas scholarship to the Sadler's Wells School. At the age of 18 she entered the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet and was soon taking over principal roles. Before she moved up to the Covent Garden company in 1954 she was the ballerina of her first company. In the past two years she has created roles in Ashton's *Variations on a Theme of Purcell* and *Madame Chrysanthème*. With her new role in *The Miraculous Mandarin* comes promotion to ballerina status with the Sadler's Wells Ballet.

Ballet Dates

FESTIVAL BALLET
at the Royal Festival Hall, London

Aug.
16-18 *Swan Lake* (Act II), *Giselle*
20-22 *The Nutcracker, Esmeralda pas de deux, Prince Igor*
23-25 *The Nutcracker, Pas de Quatre, Symphony for Fun*
27-30 *Swan Lake* (Act II), *Vision of Marguerite, Bolero, Napoli*
31 *Les Syphides, Coppélia* (première)
Sept.
1, 2 *Les Sylphides, Coppélia*
3-6 *Swan Lake, Coppélia*
7 6th Anniversary Gala with Alicia Markova as guest artist
8 *Swan Lake* (Act II), *Coppélia*
Evenings 8 p.m.; Wed., Sat. matinees 2.30 p.m.

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE
at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

Aug.
20-22 *Les Sylphides, Fall River Legend, Black Swan pas de deux, Fancy Free*
23-25 *Giselle, Interplay*
27-29 *Swan Lake* Act II, *Billy the Kid, Offenbach in the Underworld*
30-31 *Theme and Variations, Streetcar Named Desire, Don Quixote pas de deux, Rodeo*
Sept.
1 (M) *Theme and Variations, The Combat, Black Swan pas de deux, Rodeo*
(E) *Theme and Variations, Streetcar Named Desire, Don Quixote pas de deux, Rodeo*
Evenings, 7.30 p.m. Sat. mats., 2.30 p.m.

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET
at the Edinburgh Festival, the Empire Theatre

Aug.
20 *Noctambules, Birthday Offering, The Lady and the Fool*
21 *Noctambules, Birthday Offering, The Lady and the Fool*
22 (M & E) *Noctambules, Birthday Offering, The Lady and the Fool*
23, 24, 25 (M & E) *Coppélia*
27 *Les Sylphides, The Miraculous Mandarin* (première), *Homage to the Queen*
28 *Les Sylphides, The Miraculous Mandarin, Homage to the Queen*
29 (M) *Les Sylphides, Coppélia* Act III, *Homage to the Queen*
29 (E) *Les Sylphides, The Miraculous Mandarin, Homage to the Queen*
30, 31, Sept. 1 (M & E) *Le Lac des Cygnes*

at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

Sept.
4 *Les Sylphides, The Miraculous Mandarin* (London première), *The Lady and the Fool*
5 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Fonteyn, Somes)
6 *Les Sylphides, The Maraculous Mandarin, Coppélia* (Act III)
7 *Les Sylphides, Birthday Offering, The Lady and the Fool*
8 (M) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Beriosova, Chatfield)
8 (E) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Fifield, Blair)
11 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Grey, Chatfield)
12 *Les Patineurs, The Miraculous Mandarin, The Lady and the Fool*
13 *Noctambules, Symphonic Variations, The Miraculous Mandarin*
14 *Les Sylphides, The Miraculous Mandarin, The Lady and the Fool*
15 (M) *Les Sylphides, Giselle* (Nerina, Rassine)
15 (E) *Les Patineurs, Giselle* (Fonteyn, Somes)
18 *Les Patineurs, Giselle* (Grey, Chatfield)
19 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (World première)
20 *The Prince of the Pagodas*
21 *The Prince of the Pagodas*
22 (M) *The Prince of the Pagodas*
22 (E) *Les Patineurs, Symphonic Variations, Birthday Offering*
24 *The Miraculous Mandarin, Symphonic Variations, The Firebird*
25 *The Miraculous Mandarin, Symphonic Variations, The Firebird*
26 *The Prince of the Pagodas*
27 *The Prince of the Pagodas*
28 *The Prince of the Pagodas*
29 (M) *Les Patineurs, Noctambules, Birthday Offering*
29 (E) *Les Patineurs, Noctambules, Birthday Offering*
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SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

Aug.
17-21 Santander Festival, Spain
27 The Opera House, Cheltenham
Sept.
3 Streatham Hill Theatre, London
10 The Hippodrome, Golders Green
17 The Gaumont, Cardiff
24 Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne
Oct.
1 The Grand Theatre, Leeds
15 De Montfort Hall, Leicester
22 The Royal Court, Liverpool
29 King's Theatre, Glasgow

BALLETS AFRICAINS
at the Palace Theatre, London

Aug. 7 to 25. Keita Fodeba's company of dancers and singers direct from Africa.

RAM GOPAL INDIAN BALLET
at the Edinburgh Festival, the Empire Theatre

Sept.
3, 4, 5 (M & E) Programme of Indian dances
6, 7, 8 (M & E) *The Legend of the Taj Mahal* (World première of full-length work)

at the Royal Festival Hall, London

Sept.
10-22 Programmes to be announced

SOVIET ARMY ENSEMBLE
at the Empress Hall, London

June 28 to August 25
Company of 200 Singers, Dancers and Musicians of the Soviet Army straight from Russia.

ANTONIO AND HIS SPANISH BALLET
at the Palace Theatre, London

Sept. 17 for two months.

THE BOLSHOI BALLET
at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

Oct. 3-27 Ulanova and full company from the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow, in *Le Lac des Cygnes, Romeo and Juliet, Giselle* and *The Fountain of Bakhchisurai*.

BALLET FILM
at the Ritz Cinema, Leicester Square, London

Sept. 6 for a season. *Invitation to the Dance.* MGM film directed by Gene Kelly, with Kelly, Toumanova, Youskevitch, Claire Sombert, Diana Adams, Claude Bessy, Belita, Tommy Hall, Irving Davies.

DANCE LECTURE
at 18 Great Marlborough St., W.1

Sept. 23 at 3 p.m. Ann Hutchinson on *Labanotation* for the London Ballet Circle.

Ballet Correspondents

(Abbreviations: b.c.—ballet correspondence; m.—male; f.—female; m.a.—my age; o.i.—other interests; l.s.—languages; p.r.—photograph requested).

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NEXT MONTH

LOOK FOR
GALINA ULANOVA
on the front cover of the October Dance and Dancers

INSIDE: IMPRESSIONS OF THE BOLSHOI BALLET, the company and its dancers by HELENE KIRSOVA. Also a portfolio of pictures of this great company, coming to Covent Garden in October; together with other articles on various aspects of its work.

Pictures and opinion of new ballets including THE MIRACULOUS MANDARIN, for the Sadler's Wells Ballet, CONCERTO AUX ETOILES for the Paris Opéra, COPPELIA for Festival Ballet, and new works given by BALLETS 1955. Review of the London season of BALLET THEATRE. FESTIVALS IN SPAIN by Peter Williams, who has gone there specially to report on them. All the usual features and many topical ones.

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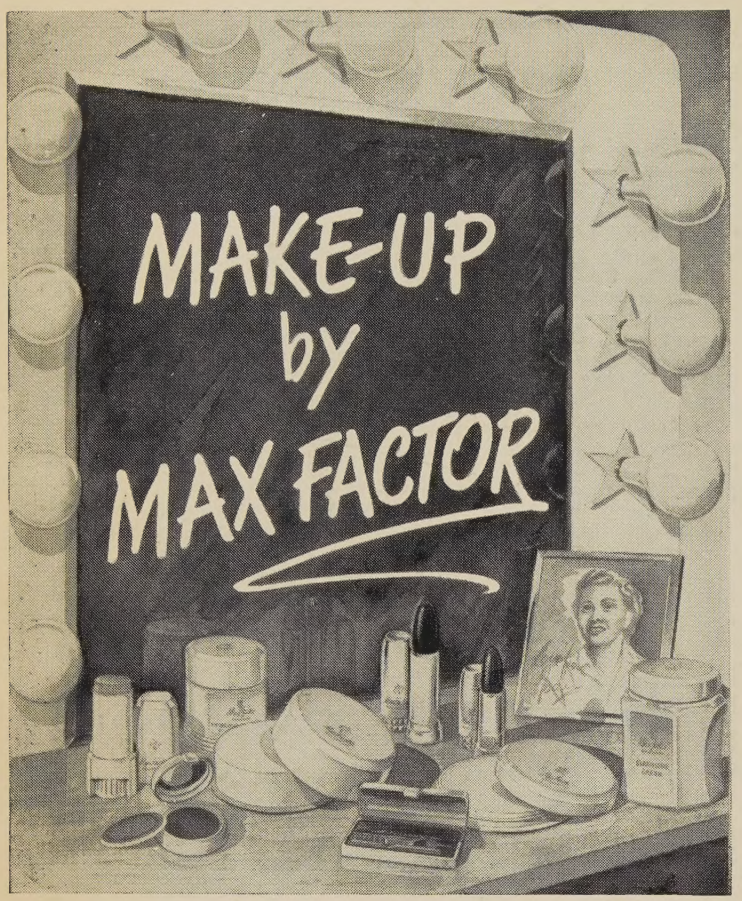

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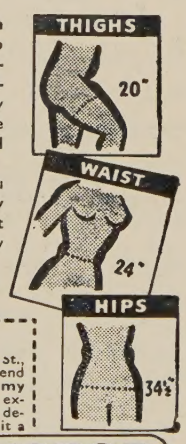

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THE GRAYS INN PRESS PUBLICATIONS
42 Grays Inn Road WC1